



*The*  
Medina  
High School  
Annual



June, 1917

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To NELSON STEAR, Instructor in Physics and Chemistry since 1913, Principal of Medina High School, 1916-1917, and now a member of the Seventh Regiment, O. N. G., as a token of friendship and esteem, the Classes of '18-'19 respectfully dedicate THE ANNUAL.

MEDINA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY









THE ANNUAL BOARD

Max High	Miss Beech	Wesley Manville	Vaughn Hartman
Hazel Boise	Esther Wertz	Elinor Lacey	Nondas McNeal
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## Foreword

For this, the fifth annual edition of the Medina High School *Annual*, Wesley Manville is the hard worked Editor in Chief; Vaughan Hartman has proved an efficient business manager; "Jimmy" Thompsett has been watching for jokes all the year; Elinor Lacey, with her lively corps of assistants, has seen to it that every citizen of Medina has been asked to buy an Annual; the snap shots and photographs have been collected by Hazel Boise and Robert Ferriman, respectively; Nondas McNeal drew the cartoons; Max High is our Athletic Editor (doesn't he look it?); Anna Bigelow, Esther Wertz, and Elizabeth Spitzer have had charge of the literary department, and they have also assisted everyone else; Gladys Worden has done the typewriting; Miss Beech has supervised all of the departments.

The members of the Annual Board take this opportunity to express their gratitude to everyone who has assisted them in their work. They wish especially to thank the girls who sold *Annals*, the Business Men of Medina, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Charles Hobart, and the Faculty.





## BOARD OF EDUCATION

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SUPT. WALTER S. EDMUND



# The Faculty



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B. S. in Ed.  
Agriculture, Botany and  
Manual Training  
Summit Station, Ohio.

Ethel Grace Rimes  
Ypsilanti State Normal  
College  
Oberlin College  
St. Joseph, Michigan

Nelson L. Stear  
Ohio State University,  
B. S. in Ed.  
Chemistry and Physics  
Headquarters of Com-  
pany, 7th Regiment,  
O. N. G.

Florence M. McGonagle  
Ohio State University,  
P. S. in Ed.  
German  
Junction City, Ohio



C. E. Jenks  
A. B., University of the  
South, Sewanee, Tenn.  
Normal Dept., Instructor  
in Methods  
Medina, Ohio

Florence Josephine Phil-  
lips  
Baldwin-Wallace College  
Ph. B.  
Latin  
Medina, Ohio

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Miami University, Ph. B.  
Ohio State University,  
B. S. in Ed.  
History, English  
Ostrander, Ohio

Hazel Marie Underwood  
Brown University, Ph. B.  
Stenography, Office Train-  
ing, Commercial Arith-  
metic  
Medina, Ohio



Huber H. Root  
Director of The A. I.  
Root Co.  
Bible Instructor  
Medina, Ohio

Mary Louise Beech  
Columbia University,  
B. S. in Ed.  
English  
Medina, Ohio

Francelia Stuenkel  
University of Chicago,  
Ped. B.  
Valparaiso University  
Ped. B.  
German Normal Instruc-  
tor  
Chicago, Illinois

J. Raymond Godlove  
Tri State College, B. S.  
Mathematics  
Medina, Ohio

## Baccalaureate Service

Class of 1917, Medina High School

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Sunday, June 3, 1917

Rev. S. F. ROSS, Pastor

JOHN BECK, Musical Director and Organist

Prelude—"Narcissus"	Organ
Processional—545	
Invocation	Rev. V. S. Goodale
Solo—"Prayer"	Miss Mary Leah Gish
Scripture Reading	Rev. S. F. Dimmock
Anthem—"Oh! Be Ye Joyful"	Choir
Announcements	
Offertory—"Solveg's Song"	Cello
	Mr. Harry Lincoln
Solo—"Lead, Kindly Light"	Miss Jessie Pocock
Hymn—349	
Sermon—"Enter Into Life"	
Recessional of Choir (Congregation Seated)	
Benediction	Rev. Philip Kelser
"Postlude in E flat"	Organ

## Class Pageant

Medina Field, Wednesday Evening, June 6, 1917

Mistress of Pageant . . . . . Leatha Wightman

### Scene I—The Coming of The Cross

Ethelbert	Lester Campbell
Bertha	Mildred Broadword
Augustine	S. Hoddinott
Coifi	G. Wooldridge
Giluard	W. Coleman
Queen's Maidens	B. Smedley, M. Branch, Ruth Dutt, M. D. Green 1st maid
Priests of Odin	A. Gibbs, H. Waite
Choir	E. Branch, E. Barry, W. Fenn, M. Branch, K. Bartholomay, M. Ensign

### Scene II—Bold Robin Hood

Robin Hood	Harold Baque
Friar Tuck	Leo Bartunek
Little John	D. Nettleton
Edward of Dierwold	H. Waite
Maid Marion	Mildred Ensign
Dame Deirwold	I. Bostwick
Joan Fountain	I. Brockway
Stephen of Trent	M. Walker
Prior of Emmet	W. Arick
Country Lassies—	Ruth Bartholomai, K. Bartholomay, Welthene Fenn, E. Branch, E. Barry,
Dale Coons	

Merry Men—L. Longacre, F. Elder, G. Wooldridge, W. Arick, W. Coleman, F. Gift

### Scene III, Part I—The White Man's Foot

Iagoo	R. Gilbert
Hiawatha	W. Fenn
Indians	W. Coleman, D. Ritter, Corda Wertz, M. Hurlebaus

### Part II—Landing of the Pilgrims

Puritans—Metta Dell Green, Ruth Gill, B. Smedley, Ruth Dutt, M. Branch, R. Bartunek,  
M. Ainsworth, Oral Shaw

### Scene IV—Spirit of '76, Tableau

Drummer Boy	H. Waite
The Old Man	W. Boyden
The Wounded Fifer	S. Hoddinott

## A Colonial Garden Party

Mistress Mary Martin	Oral Watt
Mistress Anne Jefferson	Edith Barry
Pompey	Franklin Elder
Mr. T. Jefferson	Mahlon Walker
Mr. J. Madison	Wynne Boyden
Dolly Madison	Zola Turner
B. Franklin	Seymour Hoddinott
Mistress Livermore	Mabel Thompsett
Ellen Livermore	Ruth Dutt
Susan Livermore	Leatha Scanlon
Gen. Walters	Wilbur Arick
John Adams	Leo Bartunek
Marquis of Lafayette	Harold Baque
Geo. Washington	Leland Longacre
Martha Washington	Zoretta Simmons

## Scene V—The Days of '61

General	Leland Longacre
Captain	Homer Ensign
Nurse	Margueritte Simmons
Bugler	Geo. Pritchard
Sentinel	Harold Baque
Old Black Joe	Franklin Elder
Scout	Alvin Gibbs
Soldiers	All Boys in Class
Lincoln	Derwin Nettleton

## Scence VI—America Triumphant

Columbia	Mildred Ensign
Spirit of 1917	

## Star Spangled Banner

## Commencement Program

Medina Field, Thursday Evening, June 7, 1917

Invocation	Rev. S. F. Dimmick
Piano Solo— <i>Les Sylvains</i> —Chaminade	Meta Dell Green
Class Address— <i>The Class of '17</i>	Wilbur Arick
Class History	Leland Longacre
Piano Solo— <i>Scherzo A Capriccio</i> —Mendelssohn	Leo Bartunek
Class Statistics	{ Marie Hurlebaus
	{ Homer Ensign
Cornet Solo— <i>Calvary</i> —Rodney	Leland Longacre
Class Poem	Dale Coons
Solo	Mildred Ensign
Class Reading— <i>The Town Oracle</i>	Mildred House
	{ Kathryn Bartholomay
	{ Ruth Bartholomew
Class Prophecy	{ Walter Coleman
	{ Floyd Gift
	{ Florence Carlton
Valedictory Address— <i>American Patriotism</i>	E. Wynne Boyden
	{ Metta Dell Green
Song— <i>The Class of '17</i> —Composed by	{ Marguerite Simmons
	{ Inez Brockway
Presentation of Diplomas	Supt. W. S. Edmunds
Benediction	Rev. V. R. Goodale





## Baccalaureate Sermon

### ENTER INTO LIFE

by S. F. ROSS

Pastor of Methodist Episcopal Church

#### *Text*

*Neither do men put new wine into old bottles:  
Else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out,  
And the bottles perish:  
But they put new wine into new bottles and both are preserved.*

—St. Matthew 9:17.



Ethel A. Finley

Litchfield H. S., 1916

"Manners that to each look and word impart  
A modesty and ease."

Florence M. Hazen

Sharon H. S., 1916

"And with her graceful wit there was inwrought  
A mildly-sweet unworldliness of thought."

M. Theresa Hosmer

Seville H. S., 1916

"She is so full of pleasing anecdote,  
So rich, so gay, so poignant in her wit."

Florence M. Johnson

Medina H. S., 1916

"A perfect Woman, nobly planned  
To warm, to comfort, and command."

Dorothy Rex

Medina H. S., 1916

"Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile."

Florence Rex

Medina H. S., 1916

"Love, goodness, sweetness in her person shine."

Dorothy R. Rice

Lodi H. S., 1916

"But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch—so full of mirth,  
The overflowing of an innocent heart."

Corda L. Wertz

Chatham H. S., 1916

"Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

Mary M. White

Lodi H. S., 1916

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."



## Normal Class History

DOROTHY REX

The year, 1916-17, has been a notable one in the history of the Medina Normal School. Although the way had been well blazed by the classes of 1915 and 1916, under the leadership of N. L. Stear, it yet remained for us, the class of 1917, under our leader, Miss Stuenkel, to establish a permanent home for all Normal students of Medina County.

Previous to this year the Normal class had no room of its own. Through the kindness of the Board of Education we were permitted to furnish and occupy a room on the east side of the Garfield building. For days and weeks we labored faithfully until at last there evolved a light and cozy room, furnished with all the equipment needed for an ideal place of study. For some of the furnishings, the bookcase and magazine rack, we are indebted to the Manual Training boys and for most of the books and good reading material, to Miss Stuenkel and Mr. Edmund.

Here, in our pleasant little stateroom we have sailed smoothly through the depths of Psychology and Sociology. Though we have no doubt passed through "danger zones," where we might have sunk in despair, our pilots, Mr. Jenks and Mr. Edmund, have skilfully steered our small bark past all unseen obstacles and brought us safely into port.

With the kindly help of Miss Rimes we have learned how to cook our own food and make our own clothes; so that at least some of the terrors of the "High Cost of Living" are eliminated for us.

We have been ably instructed in drawing by Miss Kirkpatrick, and, although "artists are born, not made," we think we will be able to help our pupils add a little of the artistic to life.

Miss Stuenkel has trained us in Methods, Physical Culture and Penmanship, and, in addition to teaching these branches, has served most faithfully and efficiently as general supervisor of all our work.

Our library, which has grown until it now contains two hundred and fifty volumes, has been completely indexed by our capable librarian, Florence Johnson.

At times some of our number have been called to take the place of disabled teachers in different parts of the county, and, although we enjoyed the change, and the practise of teaching, yet we were always glad to get back to our classmates and work at M. H. S.

Our school year has not been one of "all work and no play," for though we have had but few festivities, they have made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. The most memorable ones were a picnic supper and marshmallow roast at the home of Florence Johnson, and a Valentine party and supper at the home of Dorothy Rice.

At the beginning of the school year we were eleven in number, and came from all parts of the county. Ethel Finley came from Litchfield High School, Florence Hazen from Sharon, Theresa Hosmer from Seville, Corda Wertz from Chatham, Carlotta Ehman from Hinckley, Mary White and Dorothy Rice from Lodi, Pearl Canavan, Florence Johnson, Dorothy and Florence Rex from Medina.

Since Pearl has lately left us to attend another school and Carlotta to practise her Domestic Science in a snug little home of her own, it may be said that these two are gone, and we are only nine, yet, in the language of the little child in the old fourth reader, we still maintain "we are eleven."





Seniors



Wilbur Clifton Arick,  
"Bill"  
Class Pres. '16, '17  
Football '15, '16, '17  
Cadets '14  
Class Address  
Class Play—Prior of Em-  
met  
"My only books were  
women's looks, and  
folly's all they taught  
me."—*Moore*.

Harold William Baque  
Class Pres '14, '15,  
Vice Pres. '16, '17  
Cadets '14  
Annual Board '16  
Inter County Debater '17  
Class Play—Robin Hood  
"How happy could I be  
with either  
Were 't'other fair charm-  
er away."—*Gay*.

Edith Marie Barry,  
"Ede"  
Basketball '14  
Glee Club '14  
Class Play—Mrs. Jeffer-  
son  
"My delight is a bold sol-  
dier laddie."—*Burns*

Kathryn Ulmer Bartholo-  
may, "Kitty"  
Glee Club '15, '16  
Class Play—Merry Maid  
Class Prophecy  
"The Fashion wears out  
more apparel than the  
man."—*Shakespeare*.

Ruth Marcella Bartholo-  
mew  
Class Prophecy  
Class Play—Country Las-  
sie  
"A form more fair, a  
face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot  
to meet."—*Whittier*.

Leo Joseph Bartunek,  
"Hel-lo"  
Class Historian '15, '16  
Cheer Leader '16, '17  
Inter-County Debater '17  
Glee Club '14, '15, '16  
High School Orchestra  
'16, '17  
Cadets '14  
Class Play—Friar Tuck  
Class Day—Piano Solo  
"His very foot has music  
in't as he comes up the  
stairs."—*Mickle*.

Irene Myrtle Bostwick  
Class Play—Dame Deir-  
wold  
"As merry as the day is  
long."—*Shakespeare*.

Ernest Wynne Boyden  
Class Historian '14  
Editor Annual '16  
Valedictorian  
Class Play—Mr. James  
Madison  
"He picks something val-  
uable out of everything  
he reads."—*Pliny*.







Elizabeth J. Branch,  
"Betty"  
Basketball '14  
Glee Club '16  
Assistant Cheer Leader  
'15  
Class Play—Country Lassie  
"Those move easiest who  
have learned to dance."  
—Pope.

Mabel Lorena Branch,  
"Mamie"  
Class Play — Puritan  
Woman  
"Her ways are ways of  
pleasantness and all her  
paths are peace."  
—Anon.

Inez Lillian Brockway,  
"Bill"  
Class Day—Class Song  
Class Play—Joan Foun-  
tain  
"Oh, saw ye not fair  
Inez,  
She's gone into the West  
To dazzle when the sun  
is down  
And rob the world of  
rest."—Hood.

Mildred Mabel Broad-  
sword, "Milly"  
Music '16  
Class Play—Bertha  
"Scattering thy gladness  
without care."  
—Wordsworth.

Lester Leon Campbell,  
"Fosty"  
Football '16  
Inter-County Debater '17  
Class Play—King Ethel-  
bert  
"A moral, sensible, and  
well bred man."  
—Cowper.

Florence Anne Carlton,  
"Flossy"  
Class Prophecy  
Class Play—Queen's Maid  
"Soft hair on which light  
drops a diadem."  
—Massey.

Walter Vator Coleman  
Baseball '16, '17  
Class Play—Merry Man  
"The smile that wins."  
—Byron.

Dale Cluett Coons  
Glee Club '15, '16  
Class Poem  
Class Play—Country Las-  
sie  
"Oh, pretty Maiden, so  
fine and fair,  
With your dreamy eyes  
and your golden hair."  
—Longfellow.







Ruth Eliza Dutt, "Buffy"  
Class Play—Miss Ellen  
Livermore  
"Her very frown is fairer,  
far,  
Than smiles of other  
maidens are."  
—Coleridge.

Joseph Franklin Elder,  
"Pete"  
Football '15  
Cadets '14  
Class Play—Pompey  
Enlisted in the U. S.  
Navy, June 4, 1917  
"When Duty whispers  
low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I  
can'."—Emerson.

Homer Shank Ensign  
Litchfield High School '16  
Secretary, Treasurer of  
the Lyceum Course '17  
Inter-County Debater '17  
Class Statistics  
Class Play—Captain  
"He draweth out the  
thread of his verbosity  
finer than the staple  
of his argument."  
—Shakespeare.

Mildred Edith Ensign,  
"Judy"  
Class Play—Vocal Solo  
Class Play—Maid Marion,  
Columbia  
"Thy voice is celestial  
melody."—Longfellow.

Welthene Edith Fenn,  
"Weltherine"  
Glee Club '14, '15, '16  
Class Play—Hiawatha  
"And all that's best of  
dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and  
her eyes."

Alvin Eady Gibbs  
Class Play—Deacon Fox-  
croft  
"And when a lady's in  
the case,  
You know all other things  
give place."—Gay.

Floyd Roscoe Gift,  
"Giftie"  
Vice Pres. of Athletic  
Association '16  
Business Manager of  
Lecture Course '17  
Football '15, '16  
Baseball '17, Capt. '16  
Class Prophecy  
"A Gift of Fortune."  
—Shakespeare.

Ruth Carlyn Gilbert,  
"Peg"  
Class Play—Iago  
"Graceful and useful in  
all she does,  
Blessing and blest  
where'er she goes."  
—Cowper.





Ruth Rosetta Gill  
Annual Board—'16  
Class Play — Puritan  
Woman  
"The mildest manner and  
the gentlest heart."  
—*Pope.*

Metta Dell Green, "Baby  
Dell"  
Pianist—'14, '15, '16, '17  
Pianist for Pageant  
Annual Board—'16  
Class Day—Class Song  
"She knew the Campbell's  
call."—*Whittier.*

Ira Seymour Hoddinott  
Football '15, '14, '16  
Class Play—Augustine;  
Franklin  
"And still the center of  
his cheek  
"Is red as a ripe cherry."  
—*Wordsworth.*

Mildred Jane House,  
"Mid"  
Class Reading  
"This House is to be let  
for life or years."  
—*Quarles.*

Marie Naomi Hurlebaus,  
"Reedy"  
Class Statistics  
Class Play — Indian  
Woman  
"Never saw I mien or  
face  
In which more plainly I  
could trace  
Benignity and home bred  
sense."—*Wordsworth.*

Leland Dawson Longacre,  
"Shorty"  
Baseball—'14, '15, '16, '17  
Manager '16  
Football—'13, '14, '15  
Basketball—'14  
Glee Club—'14, '15, '16  
Orchestra—'14, '15, '16,  
'17  
Cadets—'14  
Class History  
Class Day—Cornet Solo  
Class Play—General  
"She is my hope, my  
life, my all, my own  
dear Genevieve."  
—*Coleridge.*

Derwin Burr Nettleton,  
"Derr"  
Baseball Manager—'17  
Cadets—'14  
Class Play—Little John  
Lincoln  
"There is a lean fellow,  
beats all conquerors."  
—*Dekker.*

Delpha Ritter  
"But to see her is to love  
her,  
Love but her, and love  
forever."—*Burns.*







Leatha Maye Scanlon,  
"La"  
Cafeteria—'17  
Class Play—Miss Susan  
Livermore  
"A coquette is like a re-  
cruiting sergeant, al-  
ways on the lookout  
for fresh victims."  
—Jerrold.

E. Zoretta Simmons,  
"Sis"  
Music—'15, '16  
Cafeteria—'17  
Class Play—Mrs. Martha  
Washington  
"But well thou playest  
the housewife's part."  
—Cowper.

Marguerite Adele Sim-  
ons, "Sim"  
Class Treasurer—'14, '15,  
'16, '17  
High School Librarian—  
'17  
Basketball—'14  
Glee Club—'14, '15, '16  
Class Day—Class Song  
Class Play — Red Cross  
Nurse  
"Her sunny locks hang  
on her temples like a  
golden fleece."  
—Shakespeare.

Beatrice Inez Smedley,  
"Bee"  
Cafeteria—'17  
Class Play—Pricstess of  
Odin  
"My true love has my  
heart and I have his."  
—Sidney.

Mabel Mildred Thompsett  
Class Play—Mrs. Liver-  
more  
"Always occupied with  
the duties of others."  
—Joubert.

Zola Belle Turner, "Zoe"  
Class Play—Dolly Madi-  
son  
"And her eyes are dark  
and humid,  
Like the depth on depth  
of lustre."—Browning.

Harold E. Waite  
Class Secretary—'16  
Football—'15, '16  
Cadets—'14  
Class Play—The Elder,  
Edward of Deirworld  
"And in short measures,  
life may perfect be."  
—Jonson.

Mahlon C. Walker  
Football—'15, '16  
Basketball—'14  
Cadets—'14  
Class Play—Thomas Jef-  
ferson  
"From the crown of his  
head to the sole of his  
foot he is all mirth."  
—Shakespeare.







Oral Valera Watt  
Class Secretary—'14  
Class Play—Mary Martin  
"The ring is on my hand  
And I am happy now."  
—*Pope*.

Leatha Pauline Wightman  
Class Play—Mistress of  
the Pageant  
"Sober, steadfast and de-  
mure."—*Milton*.

Glenn E. Wooldridge  
Baseball—'16, '17  
Cadets—'14  
Class Play—Coifi  
"I profess not to know  
how women's hearts are  
wooded and won."  
—*Irving*

Bryan Case  
Baseball—'14, '15, '16,  
'17  
Football—'16  
"A lightsome eye—a sol-  
dier's mien."—*Scott*.  
Enlisted in the Hospital  
Corps, May 10, 1917

### SPECIAL STUDENTS

Luella Kern,  
Special Student

Florence Leach, '16,  
Art Course

Bessie Walker, '16,  
Business Course

Lydia Bartholomai,  
Business Course



## Class President's Address

By WILBUR ARICK

Ladies and Gentlemen :

At this time, when the war crisis is the one subject which claims the attention of all, we think that it is appropriate to let the public know the patriotic ideals and ambitions which are entertained by this graduating class. One of our boys has already enlisted and tonight is thinking of the pleasant times that he is missing; he has given the most convincing proof of his patriotism—all honor to him.

Undoubtedly, some of the others will follow his example, but it is only to be expected that the larger portion of the class will remain at home. Upon the boys is thrown the duty of increasing the acreage under plow, of adding to the productiveness of the soil, of cutting off every possible source of waste in the distribution of food stuffs and of devising means for keeping the prices within the reach of everyone.

So far I have explained merely what the boys can do, but when war depends not only upon the number but upon the condition of those fighting, I think that the girls have an even end to uphold. Many of them will learn to be Red Cross Nurses and all will assist in the Red Cross work. If the need comes they will be ready to take up a man's position and do a man's work.

We have reached a stage in the war where it is seen that agriculture is just as essential to victory as men and guns. Not only the belligerents but the whole world is threatened with a severe shortage of all the principal crops and the United States, while not the only, is by far the most productive and available nation for meeting this great deficiency. Everybody knows that England and France are rigidly economizing and that Germany and Austria are facing a famine, but everybody does not know that right here in the United States we shall in all probability have to face for the coming year and maybe for years after, a condition the like of which has not been seen on the North American Continent since its earliest colonization by the white race, except perhaps during the first winter of our Pilgrim Fathers.

Therefore, the class of '17 think that if we are not called upon to aid our country by fighting we can be just as helpful by remaining and helping solve the food problem beside aiding in constructive work. I have a vision of some of our members systematically rebuilding the damaged roads and the wasted countryside, or, as American surgeons and nurses, taking the Hospitals of the Allies into their hands and supplying them with all the necessary articles. Never has there been such a chance for a graduating class to stand by the United States, not only upon the battle field but at home.

As President of the class, I wish to thank the Superintendent, the Board of Education and the teachers for preparing us for the part we must play in these times that try men's souls. They have done their work. It is up to us to do ours.



## Real Patriotism

By E. WYNNE BOYDEN, Valedictorian

Our Country is now engaged in the greatest war ever fought. No nation ever took up arms for better reasons. A distinguished college president has called this a Holy War. The United States is the champion of democracy, and will be the Savior of humanity.

But it is no slight task at which we have set our hand. The 1917 food crisis is the gravest in the history of the world—famines of other periods are trivial by comparison. People express indignation over rising prices, but most of them refuse to realize that the situation is really serious. They cannot believe that the world is facing a food famine. This war will be decided by bread bullets. Germany's submarine campaign is no failure; it is a startling success. The Allies are dangerously near to starvation; it is up to the United States to feed them. If we do not quickly awake to this fact it is altogether likely that we shall have to face a victorious Germany.

But, says someone, it is not as serious as that. Germany cannot last much longer—don't worry; the storm will soon be over. NONSENSE! There can be no greater danger than to take it for granted that peace is near. There can be no peace until Prussianism is forever abolished. Do you think that our government would make such elaborate preparations for war if there were any possibility of an early peace? The Allied Nations have been fighting nearly three years. In these years they have learned many things by hard experience. And what do they tell us?—that we must prepare for three years of war at the very least. This is no idle prophecy; it is the statement of those who, better than all others, must know the real condition of things. I repeat: unless we quickly undertake our manifest duty, it is quite probable that we shall at some time have to face a triumphant Germany.

This is a time when every citizen should consider himself enlisted in his country's service. One of the chief mistakes of Great Britain was her adherence to the slogan "Business as usual." The nation is at war. Every citizen is at war—no one is exempt. Personal interests must be subordinated, or, if necessary, sacrificed to national interests. We are not fighting to gratify the selfish desire of a greedy tyrant; we are fighting that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

It is a mistaken idea to think that our army and navy can win the war. Statistics show that for every soldier at the front at least five men must be actively engaged at home to keep him there. But in this war, especially, women will do a large part of this home work. I think we all agree with President Wilson that it is not alone the army and navy that we must shape for war, but the whole nation. Each person must so conduct his daily life as to make every thought, word, and action, carry the nation nearer to victory. This, it seems to me, is real patriotism. But to be really patriotic is not easy. It is not enough to fly the national flag, encourage recruiting, bear our heavy taxes uncon-

plainly and support the government. True patriotism carries with it some real sacrifice. And it would be well to remember, in this connection, that nothing worth while is ever gained without sacrifice. Our ideals of liberty may be infringed upon, but let us remember that it is those very ideals for which we are fighting.

If at any time we feel that our hardships are many and unbearable, let us consider the lot of the soldier. I know of a young Canadian, a university graduate who specialized in forestry. This young man had brilliant prospects. Where is he now? "Somewhere in France" digging trenches—work that an unskilled laborer could probably do better than he. When last heard from he was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, brought on by standing in the mud and icy water of the trenches. He is a man fitted to be of great service to his country in his chosen profession, but all his prospects have had to be sacrificed for the time being. And in the end he may stop a German bullet. Again, if we think that our lot is hard, let us remember the sufferings of the brave ones at the front.

There is another qualification of patriotism which should be mentioned. It is every one's duty to keep himself or herself well informed on matters of importance. It would seem that every person would do this as a matter of course. So I thought until I happened, not long ago, to hear a conversation between a couple of our citizens. They were speaking of the food situation. "Well," said one, "if food is so scarce, I think that we had better keep it at home and let the Allies take care of themselves." Evidently that person did not realize that if the Allies should be beaten by starvation, as is probable if we withhold our food supply, it would devolve upon us to fight the common enemy alone. What is there between us and a German invasion of our shores but the British fleet? From a purely selfish standpoint, to say nothing of the humanitarian side, it is our duty to feed our allies. Prussianism must be crushed; now is the time. The day is past when the whim of a selfish monarch will be allowed to precipitate a world war. If we wait until our European friends are beaten we shall have to fight alone, and the suffering and horror of war will be prolonged.

So it is clear then, that our present imperative duty is to increase the food supply. No one is patriotic unless he is doing his bit. If peace were to be declared right now, the food situation would still be more serious than it has ever been before. And we are preparing for at least three years of war! How we are to do this has been clearly pointed out by the President. The farmers will, of course, be first in this battle against famine—and they will need help. Now we can all help by raising everything possible for our own needs and more. Do you realize that if every family does this it will release, in the aggregate, many shiploads for export? And except in the large cities, this is entirely possible for most families. The plot of ground need not be large. Do what you can; every bit will help. We must all become truck farmers. Uncle Sam will forgive garden plotters. But perhaps some of us have more taste for fighting than for gardening. In that case we can fight weeds and bugs and blight. And we



can teach even our potatoes to shoot. Since this war is to be fought with bread bullets we can all, even the girls, become munition makers. It is said that an army travels on its stomach; let us furnish transportation. And let us remember always that in fighting famine we are fighting the enemy just as surely as if we were in the trenches. There will be heroes in overalls as well as in khaki.

But to increase the food supply is only one phase of the food problem. We must not waste it after we have produced it. It is said that the United States throws away enough to feed France. Without doubt we have been more wasteful than any other country. (It is a downright disgrace; something must be done). Here is where all patriotic women and girls will come to the aid of their country. While speaking of waste there is another matter to be considered. What do you think of a country which, in the face of a famine, uses hundreds of millions of bushels of perfectly good grain for making beer and other alcoholic liquors? Public opinion should rise to the occasion.

Although, the food question is of such immense importance, it is by no means the only thing to be considered. The industries must be speeded up; the railroads must be prepared to handle excess freight; the shipyards should work double time. There will be no room in this country for a slacker. This is time for united effort; not a time for strikes and labor troubles. Moreover, it is foolish to speculate on a possible superfluity of harvest when a famine is staring us in the face. In short, the first consideration of every patriotic citizen will be his country. So shall we win the war, and win in the shortest time and with the least suffering.

We, the class of 1917, have completed our work at Medina High School. It is hard for us to realize this. Now that the time has come it is not easy for us to leave. We are about to enter a chaotic world; we are facing a life that makes no promises. In sharp contrast to the uncertainty of our future plans we see the happy life of the past years. When we consider that from now on, our welfare depends wholly on ourselves, we appreciate, as never before, the efforts which have been made in our behalf. At this time it is impossible for us to fully express our gratitude to Mr. Edmund, the teachers, the School Board, and our parents; in the years to come we will each of us do our best to deserve the interest which they have shown in us.

What may come in these years no man can know. It is a period of transition, of uncertainty. Our Country is engaged in war—but she is fighting that wars may cease to be. We, the class of 1917, are about to enter that fight. We do not clearly see our way—it is certain that our work will not be easy; but now, more than at any other time in our history, the closing lines of our national air are a solace and an inspiration:

“Then conquer we must,  
For our cause it is just  
And this be our motto:  
In God is our trust.”

## Class History

By LELAND LONGACRE

As I look back over my school life, a slight remembrance comes to me of my happy days, when, carefree and joyous, our Kindergarten class consisting of Dale Coons, Oral Watt, Metta Dell Green, Leo Bartunek, Wynne Boyden and myself, found our way to the I. O. O. F. Building where Miss Ella Canavan patiently awaited our arrival. When we were all seated in a circle around her, we greeted her with our daily song of "Good Morning To You." After nine months of untold patience given by Miss Ella in teaching us the rules, games, and regulations pertaining to Kindergarten work, we started out in life to gain our education in the grades. Our good fortune continued in the first grade under the instruction of Miss Dawley. During this year Inez Brockway entered our class, adding one more to its enrollment. After we had learned to read and spell, we were promoted to the second grade under the instruction of Miss McDougall. During this year we had some sad experiences; one instance which I well remember was when two of our boys were taken into the hall and introduced to a whip, the cause for this severity being their propensity for whispering and throwing paper wads. We were next promoted to the third grade and began more advanced studies under the instruction of Miss Tubbs. We shall never forget the smile that she used to give us each morning as we stepped inside the door. During this year Lester Campbell and Harold Baque entered our class. The last year in the Primary Building was one of the best I have ever spent in school.

After four years of faithful work under the supervision of Mrs. Wright, we left our old home to take up a new one in what is now known as the High School Building, and in our struggle forgot the days of slates and also of timid-I. O. O. F. Building, into the fifth grade where Miss Warner, besides instructing us on various subjects, started us on our music career by teaching us the art of singing. In this grade Welthene Fenn entered our class. After Miss Warner had instructed us nine months, we proceeded to the High School Building and sang a few songs for our sixth grade teacher, Miss Lacy. She received us with so much joy that she decided to likewise instruct us during our stay in her grade.

During this year two more lively pupils came into our class, Elizabeth Branch and Raymond Bennett. During the seventh grade, under the leadership of Miss Drake, Marie Hurlebus, Mabel Thompsett, Irene Bostwick, Mahlon Walker and Derwin Nettleton, joined us. It was here we began to learn a little touch of business by writing promissory notes, but when we entered the eighth grade under the supervision of Miss Wheatley we found that we did not know as much as we thought we did; in other words we were too conceited. Ruth Gill, Ruth Gilbert, Zola Turner, Bryan Case and Harold Waite entered our class in the eighth grade, increasing our number to 23—that means "SKIDDOO." Our school life was not all joys. Our last year in the grades was suddenly broken by the loss of a class member, Floyd Baylor, who was called from us to a better land. The class of 1917 was the first to have an eighth



grade commencement and we thought our hard studying was finished, but as Freshmen in High School we found out that we were still expected to study a little harder.

The September after our graduation from the eighth grade we walked with trembling feet over to the High School Building. After being seated in the Assembly Room we were each in turn asked to give a speech. From here we were led to the Freshmen Room under the care of Miss Feeny. Fortunately, they put me in a front seat and I was very happy the remainder of the year. As a class we had learned to take school more seriously on entering High School; new responsibilities were put upon us, such as deciding our new course of studies and also learning to study entirely alone instead of depending upon our teachers, but with these responsibilities came new joys; for class meetings and class parties were now our privilege and delight.

During our Freshman year six members were added to our number, namely: —Katheryn Bartholamey, Letha Wightman, Beatrice Smedley, Ruth Bartholomew, Franklin Elder and Florence Carlton. Nine months of school passed away. We enjoyed our teachers, classmates, and work so much that we decided to stay another year and were promoted to the Sophomore Room under the charge of Miss O'Conner. Many are the days we used to sit and smile at that dear teacher. It was at this time that Leatha Scanlon, Zoretta Simmons and Walter Coleman became our classmates. We enjoyed many parties during this year, but the one of special interest to the class as a whole was a sled ride down to Clayton's Skating Rink. In September, 1915, we assumed the responsibilities of Juniors. Miss McGonagle took us under her wing and helped us through many tight places. In December we decided to have a basket ball team in the High School and as the class of 1917, are proud to have had several members on the team. We also managed a lecture course which was a great success, financially as well as intellectually.

Time rolled on and we decided to take another step higher and as we walked up the old staircase and entered the north east room under the guardianship of Miss Beech, we became reverent and dignified Seniors. We had acquired such a reputation throughout the country that this year Mabel Branch, and Ruth Dutt, graduates of York High School, and Mildred Ensign and Homer Ensign, graduates of Litchfield High School joined our class to finish their education in famous old Medina High, and with these additions we now number forty-four members.

The Senior year without doubt has been the shortest and most enjoyable year in all our High School life. May the many friendships formed during the past four years be of the kind that last a life time. One thing especially that the Class of 1917 is truly thankful for is that we have had a Superintendent that has truly been "One of Us," always entering with enthusiasm in whatever we as a class anticipated doing for the right.

We are now forsaking Medina High School forever, leaving behind us four of the happiest years of our life. We are going with a feeling of regret that our comradeship has thus come to an end, but can never be broken.

## Class Statistics

By MARIE HURLEBAUS

There are 45 in our class, 17 boys and 28 girls. We all possess brain, brawn and beauty. The class consists entirely of people who are destined to make Medina famous in the coming years. Our infant is Delpha Ritter, 16 years 8 months; our baby boy is Glenn Wooldridge, 17 years 7 months. The oldest boy is 21 years 3 months and the oldest girl is 20 years 2 months. We are certainly proud of these older members because of their perseverance in staying in school although handicapped by sickness and various other things. The average age of the girls is 18 years 1 month and Florence Carlton comes nearest this average. That of the boys is slightly higher than the girls, being 18 years 11 months. Lester Campbell is nearest this age. The total number of years climbs up to 849. And what do you suppose will be going on in this old world 849 years from now? One thing I am sure of—that there will be no war. By the middle of the 28th century such a fearfully destructive compound will have been discovered that the nations will decide to give up war altogether as being too dangerous a thing to resort to under any circumstances.

We have deep foresight and understanding, and a firm foundation, as the combined foot of the class is size 244. Derwin Nettleton, who wears nines, has the largest foot, while Ruth Barthelomew goes to the other extreme and wears twos. The size of the boys' shoes average 8, and the girls' 4.

Nine of us have gray eyes, 17 have blue, and there are 19 pairs of brown eyes. The majority have brown hair. Seven have black and there is about the same number who have blonde. There is just one thing we lack and that is a red-head.

The heavy-weight is Seymour Hoddinott, 174 lbs., while the heaviest girl is Mildred Ensign, 152 lbs. The light-weights among the boys are Floyd Gift and Alvin Gibbs, 120 lbs. each, while the feather-weight is Leatha Scanlon, 98 lbs. The average weight of the girls is 114 lbs. and this is the avoirdupois of Edith Barry. The boys average 145 lbs. and this is the weight of Homer Ensign. The total weight of the class is 5640 lbs. or 2.8 tons.

The shortest among the graduates is Edith Barry, 5 ft. 1 in., while our bean-pole is Derwin Nettleton, 6 ft. 2 in. The average height of the girls is 5 ft. 5 in., and that of the boys is 5 ft. 9 in.

We are a very religious crowd and I am sure we look it. Among the 45 of us there are 18 Methodists, 15 Congregationalists, 3 Baptists, 3 Disciples of Christ, 2 Episcopalians, 2 Catholics, 1 United Brethren and 1 Dunkard.

The majority of us are not pessimistic, but up to the times. Among us there are only 13 who are against woman suffrage and they surely must be the



unlucky 13. But it won't be long before women get the vote, and will be able to hold the presidential office and go to war. We have 23 Republicans, 10 Democrats, 9 non-partisan and 1 Socialist. Two have no politics, Dale Coons and Oral Watt. Perhaps Dale and Oral, like Royal Princesses, are waiting to find out what their husbands' politics will be before they decide so as to have no family jars.

Most of us are Yankees from the Buckeye State. Only three were born outside of Ohio. Dale Coons' birthplace is Sedalia, Mo.; Leo Bartunek's, Blairsville, Pa.; and Bryan Case was born in Samo Valley, Oregon.

Nearly all of us have a different favorite time. Some mentioned are—meal-time, quitting time, midnight, eastern and central time, rag time, spare time, anytime, high time, all the time, spring, summer, appleblossom time and future and present time.

We have high aspirations and have set goals which will require patience and perseverance to reach. All of us want to go to college. 15 are undecided as to what institution of learning they prefer. 2 desire to go to Baldwin-Wallace, 4 to Western Reserve, 3 to Ann Arbor, 2 to Battle Creek School of Home Economics, 6 to Ohio State, 3 to Hiram, 2 to Actual Business College, 2 to Oberlin and one each to Dartmouth, Oxford, Cincinnati Conservatory, Case, University of Pennsylvania and Illinois State. Six are undecided as to their life work. We shall have, in the future, 1 doctor, a professor of music, an undertaker, a librarian, a postmaster, 4 school teachers, 8 stenographers, 5 agriculturists, 3 chemists, 4 electrical engineers, 2 dietitians, 1 bachelor girl, a prima donna, a social settlement worker, a mission worker, and three housekeepers—you know what that means, for two out of the three have engagement rings and the third must be mighty sure of one.

We were asked to give our favorite sports and gave quite a variety. Eight prefer baseball, 4 football, 5 swimming, 6 motoring, others dancing, hiking, tennis, reading, rowing, moonlight strolling, drawing, working and kodaking, and two were undecided as to their hobbies.

We take an active part in athletics and have several star players. Last fall, when the Senior boys played the underclassmen in a game of football, who do you suppose carried off the honors? Why, the Senior class, of course.

We have a feeling of regret upon leaving good old Medina High. Of course the assembly room clock will lose its merry tone and tick sadly and more solemnly after our departure. And the summer breezes, as they float over Champion Creek, will murmur, "They have gone, the Class of '17." But wherever our life work may take us we will always cherish in our hearts the memory of M. H. S. and think longingly of the good old times.

"Aufwiedersehen."

## Class Prophecy

Time—May 1, 1927.

Characters—A committee from the Class of 1917; Floyd Gift, Walter Coleman, Florence Carlton, Katherine Bartholamay, and Ruth Bartholomew.

Place—The Medina H. S. Gym.

Purpose—To arrange for a class reunion on the tenth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1917.

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Kath: "Well, first is Bill Arick."

Floyd: "Why, our class president is way down in South Carolina, President of the Arick Savings Bank. Care of The Arick Bank, Charlestown, will reach him."

Walter: "Good for Bill. He always had a head for business. I wonder if he attends his directors' meetings as faithfully as he used to attend class meetings when at school."

Kath: "Next is Harold Baque. What is he doing?"

Walter: "When the rubber factory was started here in Medina, Harold had just finished his course at Case. He graduated with honors and was recommended to the position of chemist here and got the job."

Kath: "Harold was good in Chemistry at school. He always used to help me. And some of the grades he used to pull off from Mr. Stear! I wonder if he is married. He and Harold Waite used to be rivals for Marguerite Simmons back in M. H. S. but Marguerite got so interested in her work that she forgot them both."

Walter: "He's an old bachelor, they tell me."

Kath: "Has anybody heard from Edith Barry?"

Florence: "Edith took a course in Red Cross work after she graduated. She went abroad on one of the Hospital Units and was a real Angel of Mercy. Then when the war was over she married her Soldier Laddie. But you were at the wedding, Ruth; tell us about it."

Ruth: "I would like to but we must hurry. Wasn't it romantic? I have her address, 1975 Clifton Ave., Cleveland."

Kath: "Wynne Boyden."

Walter: "You know Wynne expected to have charge of a department of the A. I. Root Co., in the old country after the war closed, but, he became so interested in Y. M. C. A. reorganization work that he went to Siberia and is there now."

Floyd: "I am not surprised. Too bad he can't be with us. He was a good fellow and we were all proud of him even tho' we did smile sometimes at his profuse apologies."

Kath: "Next is Leo Bartunek."

Florence: "What has become of Leo? I haven't seen him since we graduated."

Kath: "Leo is a professor of music and has had his studio on Fifth Ave.; at the present time, however, he has a leave of absence and is in Paris studying."

Floyd: "It is a pity Leo can't be here. There won't be anyone to start an argument with. He was always the life of a party. Remember how he made things go at the reception for Mr. Stear."



Walter: "Yes, and how he tried to trade parts with someone in the play. You know he had the part of Tuck and he was so afraid he would have to kiss a girl."

Floyd: "He wanted to trade with me but there was nothing doing."

Kath: "Irene Bostwick."

Florence: "She's one of the court stenographers up in Cleveland and the money that girl is earning! Care of Cuyahoga County Court is her address."

Ruth: "Irene was a business lady, all right."

Kath: "Elizabeth Branch—I have been corresponding with Elizabeth, so I'll let her know. Her husband is stationed in the Philippines. You know he is a military officer."

Floyd: "She always was taken up with military affairs."

Kath: "Mabel Branch."

Florence: "Mabel is teaching Beech's 'American History of Literature' in one of the Cleveland High Schools."

Ruth: "Mabel graduated from some Eastern University, didn't she?"

Florence: "Yes, she graduated from Cornell. Care of East High is her address now."

Kath: "Mildred Broadsword."

Floyd: "She is married and living in Chatham. You notify her, Florence."

Florence: "Certainly."

Kath: "Inez Brockway."

Ruth: "Inez is abroad. She is in Paris for the season studying millinery. She designs hats for the N. Y. people. They say she has the most exclusive shop there."

Kath: "Bryan Case. Bryan joined the aviation corps and invented a Case machine. I have a model of it at home. And the way that bird can fly! I don't think we all realized what a fine fellow he was until he enlisted back in May '17. He was the hero of the class after that."

Kath: "Dale Coons. Let's see, why Dale stepped into matrimony and drew a Long prize."

All laugh. A Long prize!

Kath: "Lester Campbell."

Flornece: "Lester is director of an orchestra in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York."

Walter: "I never knew he had a taste for music, but I guess he must have because he never let any of it out when in school."

Kath: "Ruth Dutt."

Florence: "She is teaching elocution in Medina High now."

Ruth: "I wish we might have had the benefit of that course when we went to school; we might have had better results on Class Day."

Kath: "Next is Franklin Elder."

Ruth: "Franklin is on a ranch in Indiana."

Floyd: "A ranch in Indiana! There aren't any ranches in Indiana."

Ruth: "A movie ranch."

Kath: "Mildred Ensign."

Florence: "Mildred is in the Metropolitan Grand Opera Co., and has made such a success of her part in Cavalier Rusticana. She is extremely popular now and making big money."

Kath: "I wonder if she will be able to come."

Florence: "If she can't we can at least hear one of her records on the Victrola."

Kath: "Homer Ensign."

Ruth: "Homer is a city electrician in San Francisco, I hear."

Kath: "I always tho't he had the most pluck. No wonder he succeeded. You write to him, Ruth. He will probably be glad to take his vacation in the East, especially if by doing so he can attend our reunion."

Kath: "Welthene Fenn."

Florence: "I don't know where she is at present, but the last we heard from her, she was a Y. W. C. A. secretary in Wisconsin."

Kath: "Ruth Gill."

Floyd: "Ruth is doing settlement work in Siberia."

Walter: "No wonder Wynne located there too! What fun we used to have teasing them. It did fuss them so. I can hear Harold and Leo screaming 'He's back, Ruth, he's back!' when Wynne returned from Florida."

Kath: "Next is Ruth Gilbert."

Ruth: "Ruth is a dietitian."

Walter: "Yes, I am on one of her diets."

Floyd: "What kind of a diet?"

Walter: "Oh, sauerkraut, wieners and pie *a la mode*."

All—(laughing)—We hope it cures you.

Kath: "Metta Dell Green."

Ruth: "Metta Dell used to be our pianist, but now she's Lester's. She plays every day at the Waldorf-Astoria."

Kath: "Alvin Gibbs."

Floyd: "Alvin is postmaster right here in Medina. He can easily come. He used to be so small. Remember he sat right in front of Miss Beech."

Ruth: "You won't know him now. He weighs at least two hundred."

Kath: "Seymour Hoddinott."

Walter: "He graduated from State and is running his father's farm now. A model farm, too. 1811, call him up."

Kath: "Marie Hurlebaus."

Walter: "Marie is our first woman representative from Ohio. Some honor for the Class of '17."

Ruth: "Marie was so efficient in everything, even to collecting material for class statistics."

Kath: "Leland Longacre—, Leland is running his father's business now."

Floyd: "I'll bet he has the Nichols in safe keeping."

Kath: "Derwin Nettleton."

Walter: "Derwin is an electrical engineer up at Niagara Falls. I went up to see him not long ago."

Floyd: "Why the trip to Niagara Falls, old man? Yes, I remember seeing the license in the Gazette. Here's wishing you joy."

Kath: "Beatrice Smedley."

Ruth: "She is doing domestic science for two now out in Lakewood. I'll invite her."

Kath: "Zoretta Simmons."

Ruth: "Zoretta is at the head of the domestic science department in the University of California at Berkeley. She always was interested in that work. She



got her training here in old Medina. She's coming East this summer, so we can count on her."

Kath: "Marguerite Simmons. Why, Marguerite was librarian in the City Library in Boston."

Floyd: "She likes her new position better. I always knew Marguerite was intended for domestic joys. I saw her the other day. She is so happy."

Kath: "Zola Turner."

Walter: "Zola lives in Akron and I think she's married."

Ruth: "Another good housekeeper provided for. I'll put her on my list."

Kath: "Mabel Thomsett."

"Walter: "Mabel is the private secretary for B. F. Goodrich. She has a splendid position."

Ruth: "She deserves it! Wasn't she patient and accommodating when she was office girl in 1917? I'll call her up and notify her as soon as this meeting closes."

Kath: "Leatha Wightman."

Florence: "She is teaching the eighth grade in Elyria."

Kath: "Oral Watt."

Ruth: "Why, she's Mrs. Lerch now, of course."

Kath: "Yes, we expected that."

Floyd: "Her husband has a department of the Root Co., in Syracuse. That's not far away. I'm sure we can expect them."

Kath: "Harold Waite."

Floyd: "He is the head chemist at the Firestone Rubber Co."

Walter: "Drawing some salary, eh?"

Floyd: "Oh no, only ten thousand a year."

Kath: "Mahlon Walker."

Florence: "Mahlon is on a farm in Lafayette making two crops grow where one grew before."

Kath: "They say he's as good-natured as ever. Did you ever see him when he wasn't smiling?"

Floyd: "Yes, once, when his Commercial Arithmetic grade went down into the scarlet."

Kath: "Glenn Wooldridge."

Walter: "Glenn graduated from Purdue University and is now superintendent of the Ohio Match Co. Factory."

Floyd: "He had an eye for a good match when in school."

Kath: "Leatha Scanlan."

Ruth: "I heard from Leatha not long ago. She's a famous Red Cross nurse and has been in nearly every part of the country."

Floyd: "If she's as popular with her patients as she was with the boys of the Class of '17, she must be pretty busy."

Kath: "Delpha Ritter. Remember that girl made the high school course in three and one-half years."

Floyd: "She is principal of that big high school over in Toledo."

Kath: "Mildred House. Mid is now in Hawaii studying native songs."

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After this conversation, the meeting was adjourned. Let us hope that the reunion will be a success."

## Class Poem

By DALE COONS

### I

Dear old Medina High School  
The best we've ever seen,  
We awfully hate to leave you,  
This class of '17.

### II

We'll miss the old bell's ringing,  
Which summoned us to work,  
And the Chapel and the singing,  
And the talks we longed to shirk.

### III

We hate to leave the teachers;  
They have been so very kind,  
Trying to pound some knowledge  
Into each wandering mind.

### IV

We'll miss the old brick building,  
With its frescos, dirty green,  
And the bleachers where we rooted,  
For our valiant High School team.

### V

We'll miss the old Assembly  
With its desks all carved and worn,  
And the musical(?) piano,  
And the books so old and torn.

### IV

Then farewell now, forever,  
To our happy high school days,  
But just before we leave you  
We'll sing a song of praise.

### VII

You've sheltered us and kept us,  
For four long, happy years,  
And it's very hard to leave you  
Without a few sad tears.

### VIII

Then farewell dear old High School,  
The best we've ever seen,  
We awfully hate to leave you,  
This class of '17.

### IX

Long may your name be honored,  
Long may your praise be sung,  
And your memory will be cherished  
By us—each and every one!





SEEN AT THE PAGEANT



SEEN AT THE PAGEANT



## Senior Class Song

By MARGUERITTE SIMMONS, METTA DELL GREEN, & INEZ BROCKWAY

### I.

Come let us sing the glories of this dazzling Senior class,  
For we know that thru' the ages none our grandeur will surpass;  
We're the wisest and brightest children of old M. H. S.,  
Just watch us passing on.

(Chorus)

Hurrah, hurrah for the class of '17,  
Hurrah, hurrah for the class of '17,  
Hurrah, hurrah for the class of '17,  
Just watch us passing on.

### II.

We've always had a jolly time from morn till close of day,  
At lecture course and carnival and every kind of play.  
Our motto, "Laugh instead of cry no matter what's to pay."

(Chorus)

As we went gaily on.

### III.

We were seven when we started; now we number forty-four.  
We've devoured all the courses, ever eager to learn more,  
Earnestly pursuing knowledge, never finding work a bore.  
As we went cramming on.

(Chorus)

As we went cramming on.

### IV.

Farewell Medina High School, we are leaving you at last,  
And your parties and diversions, pleasant days that went so fast,  
Books and teachers, all your lessons are but memories of the past.  
As we go gladly on.

(Chorus)

As we go gladly on.

### V.

We are planning for the future, tho' our dreams do not agree;  
Some will be alone, some sailing on the matrimonial sea;  
But whate'er our occupation, here's to days that are to be.  
As we go marching on.

(Chorus)

As we go marching on.

## Senior Class Yell

Slip, slap, bazoo.  
Rickety, rickety rye.  
Best bunch ever seen,  
Classey class, '17.  
S-E-N-I-O-R.  
That's the way to spell it!  
This is the way to yell it!  
Senior! Senior! Rah!

# Senior Wednesday Morning Program

DEC. 5—Wednesday.

Harold Baque—*Acres of Diamonds*.

Mildred Ensign, Reading—*Belshazzar's Feast*.

DEC. 13—Wednesday.

Wilber Arick }  
Edith Barry } Scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit*.  
Zola Turner }

DEC. 22—Friday.

Katherine Bartholomay—*A German Christmas*.

Leo Bartunek—Musical Selection—*Chopin*.

JAN. 10—Wednesday.

Margaret Simmons—Reading—*The Baldheaded Man*.

Zoretta Simmons }  
Ruth Bartholomew } Scene from *Merchant of Venice*.

JAN. 24—Wednesday.

Lester Campbell—*Germany's Peace Proposal*.

FEB. 7—Wednesday.

Wynne Boyden—Talk—*A Trip to Florida*.

Homer Ensign—*The Reign of Peace*.

Ruth Gilbert }  
Welthe Fenn } Dialogue from *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*.

FEB. 14—Wednesday.

Floyd Gift—Talk—*A Trip Through the State Prison*.

Ruth Dutt—*Jacob Gray's Lament*.

FEB. 21—Wednesday.

Walter Coleman }  
Leatha Wightman } Franklin Elder } Act 2 of *Minna Von Barnhelm*.  
Marie Hurlebaus } Glenn Wooldridge }

FEB. 28—Wednesday.

Seymour Hoddinott—Talk—*Recollections of a Trip to England*.

Leland Longacre—Talk—*An American Boy*.

Mabel Thompsett—Reading—*He Did Not Make the Team*.

Beatrice Smedley—Reading—*The Talk in Church*.

Florence Carlton—*The Cry of the Belgian Children*.

Ruth Gill—*Talk on Astronomy*.

MAR. 7—Wednesday.

Inez Brockway—Reading—*A Guardian Angel*.

Mahlon Walker—Talk—*Henry Ford's First Experiences*.

MAR. 14—Wednesday.

Alvin Gibbs—Talk—*A Corn Boys' Trip*.

Mildred Broadsword—Reading—*Out At Old Aunt Mary's*.

Derwin Nettelton—Talk—*Exploration of a Volcano*.

Mabel Branch—Reading—*Miss Perkin's Visit*.

MAR. 21—Wednesday.

Harold Waite—Talk—*Henry Frick*.

Irene Bostwick—Talk—*The Origin of Episcopal Church*.

APR. 11—Wednesday.

Oral Watt—Talk—*The Present War from a Woman's View*.

Delpha Ritter—Reading—*What the Little Girl Said*.

MAY 9—Wednesday.

Elizabeth Branch—Reading—*Too Late for the Train*.

Dale Coons—Talk—*Florence Nightengale*.

Mildred House—Reading—*In the Toils of the Enemy*.





#### BABY PICTURES OF SENIORS

FIRST ROW—Ruth Boyden, Elmer Warren, Alvin Gibbs, Leo Bartunek

SECOND ROW—Irene Bostwick, Homer Ensign, Dale Coons, Edith Barry

THIRD ROW—Mildred Broadsword, Beatrice Smedley, Raymond Bennett, Katharine Bartholomai

FOURTH ROW—Inez Brockway, Walter Leach, Floyd Gift, Royal Brockway

FIFTH ROW—Zoretta Simmons, Lucille Winters, Walter Coleman, Marie Hurlebaus





BABY PICTURES OF THE SENIORS

FIRST ROW—Dorothy Clement, Ruth Bartholomew, Leland Longacre, Bryan Case  
 SECOND ROW—Harold Baque, Wilbur Arick, Leatha Scanlon, Welthene Fenn  
 THIRD ROW—Helen Bigelow, Lester Campbell, Pauline Griesinger, Florence Carlton  
 FOURTH ROW—Derwin Nettleton, Franklin Elder, Blake Munson, Elizabeth Branch  
 FIFTH ROW—Delpha Ritter, Edwin Kellogg, Mabel Branch, Ruth Robinson





FIRST ROW—Joseph Bartholomew, Louis Bartholomew, Helen Bigelow  
 SECOND ROW—Ruth Boyden, Royal Brockway, Raymond Bennett, Dorothy Clement  
 THIRD ROW—Marian Fisher, Pauline Griesinger, Edwin Kellogg, Walter Leach, Blake Munson  
 FOURTH ROW—Ruth Robinson, Harold Thatcher, Isabelle Warner, Bessie Warner  
 FIFTH ROW—Elmer Warren, Lucile Winters, Eleanore Wright

## The Frost Bitten Class of '17+ or '18—

By PAULINE GRIESINGER

We are an Orphan Class, whom nobody wants. 1917 scorns us; 1918 gives us the once over and looks askance; the faculty can't get us in its schedule; the school board gazes absent mindedly over the rim of its spectacles and remarks, "I don't seem to remember." Yet we are called upon to write our uneventful history.

Our class of twenty-one bright and shining orbs handed over about twenty-five dollars to the Gym Fund. Although our temperature is better adapted to freezing ice cream, we bravely volunteered to serve coffee, a la unspeakable Turk, at the artistically appointed Winyah Club, so generously donated; and with the assistance of kind matrons we handed out to the Medinaites, crisp waffles, piping hot, covered with sugary goo.

Not a party disturbed "the winter of our discontent." Nothing interrupted the even tenor of our way until our ever kind, ever faithful monitor, Miss McGonagle suggested the rehabilitation of our dirty, unsightly, unsanitary class room. Armed with aprons, overalls, brooms, scrubbing brushes and pails we began our raid, working from Friday night after school until the cocks crowed in the morning. Saturday forenoon we returned with a vim to our labors, and at noon gobbled hot dog until we barked. Tuesday morning a collection was taken to defray the expenses. The enjoyment received from the result of our efforts entirely compensated us for our aching necks and wobbly knees. Our friends in the adjacent room, after due consideration and with the School Board's co-operation, followed in our foot steps, but they have never experienced the feeling of work well done and the pleasure of using one's own finances for a beneficial act.

Two of our boys, Blake Munson and Myron Curtiss, are enlisted in the Agricultural Army, and two more of our number, Isabelle Warner and Harold Thatcher, are temporarily absent on account of ill health. The rest of us are still in good running condition, patiently waiting for our school days to close; but will this class be allowed to graduate with the customary ECLAT? Can a fish fly?







*Juniors*



## JUNIOR A

FIRST Row—Mary Armbruster, Hazel Boise, Thelma Case, Nellie Clark, Lillian Eaken

SECOND Row—George Fretz, Percy Fenn, Everett Gault, Lester Gardner

THIRD Row—Vaughn Hartman, Vesta Johnson, Gladys Kane, Elinor Lacy, Sidney Lance

FOURTH Row—Elizabeth Lentz, Nellie Tiernan, Robert Tubbs, Nellie Vandevere

FIFTH Row—Wells Whipple, Esther Wertz, Otis Wheeler, Gladys Worden, Ruth Mummaw



## Junior A. History

By NELLIE CLARK

September, 1914, in M. H. S. the Class of 1918 was organized (not born). This makes us three years old. It is the last year of our life that is of interest to us now.

Our officers are: President, Wells Whipple; Vice-President, Vaughn Hartman; Secretary and Treasurer, Hazel Boise. We spent the first half of our Junior year with the Senior B's in the Junior room and were fortunate enough to have Miss McGonagle as our guiding star. During the last half of the year, however, the room was cut in twain, not because of our inability to be congenial, but because the Board decided to improve the building. After spending about a month amid plaster and dust, our room was finally cleaned and painted and we emerged a brand new class in a brand new room with a brand new teacher, i. e., Mr. Kennedy.

The vision of the only party we had planned didn't fade away, it melted. The snow was gone when Saturday night came.

Our class has held its own, in size, albeit there have been some changes. Lester Gardner's coming increased it by one and Telford Kirtpatrick's departure brought the number back to normal. Sidney Lance, Robert Tubbs, Wells Whipple and Everett Gault are gone but not forgotten. They are in the country raising food for Uncle Sam. The rest of us are still plodding along making the best of the situation and working on the Annual.

## Junior B. History

By KATHARINE HEMMETER

Last September our small class of nineteen students started on its Sophomore A road.

In October the High School began to make all sorts of plans to raise money for a Gym. A carnival was held in the park and we earned \$10 at the Baked Goods booth, which was more than any one class made. On Hallowe'en we went on the stage and presented "Lochinvar," which was greatly applauded.

We have many noted members, among whom are Max High and Earl Stoup, the star foot ball players; Earl is also a fine man in baseball.

Since January, when we began our Junior year, we have been working hard, trying to get out one of the best Annuals that Medina High has ever published. Wesley Manville, the president of our class, is Editor-in-Chief.

We have now completed just one-half of this joyful year, and have one and one-half more terms to stay in dear old M. H. S.





JUNIOR B

FIRST ROW—Anna Bigelow, Anna Burgin, Mildred Campbell

SECOND ROW—Teddy Ewing, Robert Ferriman, Elmer Fulmer, Katherine Hemmeter

THIRD ROW—L. Max High, Lucile Hunt, Louise Jones, Beatrice Longacre, Wesley Manville

FOURTH ROW—Nondas McNeal, Sylvia Sedgewick, Elizabeth Spitzer, Earl Stoup

FIFTH ROW—Jessie Wallace, James Thompsett, Wanda White



## The Medina County Dramatic and Oratorical Contest

This year Medina County held its second Dramatic and Oratorical Contest.

The District Contest, in which six young people from Medina, Sharon, and Granger competed, was held at the latter place on March 30. Medina High School was represented in the Dramatic Department by Anna Bigelow, who gave a reading, *The Going of the White Swan* by Gilbert Parker, and in the Oratorical Department by James Thompsett, whose oration was *The Curse of Regulus*. Both Medina contestants were awarded first place, and each received a \$5 gold piece.

The County Contest took place at Medina on April 20th. Eight pupils from Medina, Leroy, Spencer, Brunswick and Liverpool represented their respective high schools. A large audience listened attentively to their efforts, which were so uniformly excellent that there was much difference in opinion as to who would prove the winners. The judges, however, decided that Medina's representatives won second place, and each was given a prize of \$10.

## The Inter-County Contest, Wayne and Medina

As a preliminary to the Inter-County Contest, four M. H. S. boys, Harold Baque, Homer Ensign, Lester Campbell, and Leo Bartunek, alternate, met a debating team from the Leroy High School on April 24th, and argued the affirmative of the question: *Resolved, that the railroads of the U. S. should be under government control*. There were no judges.

This same debating team, along with Anna Bigelow and James Thompsett, represented Medina County at Wooster on April 27th. Here Anna Bigelow was given first place in Dramatic Dept. While all the contestants merited much praise for their work, Medina High School is especially proud of its dramatic reader whose weeks of faithful practice brought to her and to us such excellent results.





*Sophomores*



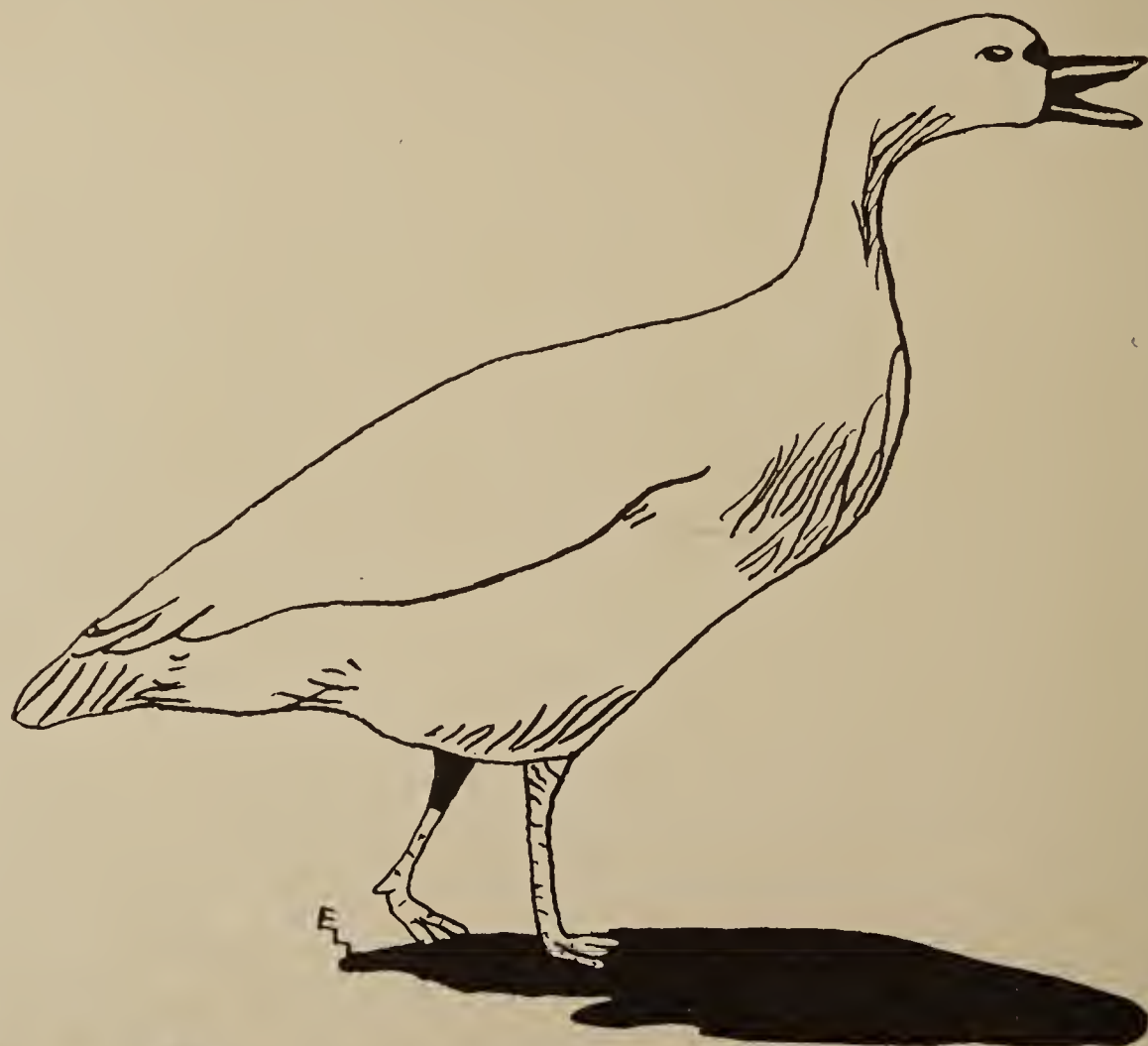
SOPHOMORE A.—Gault Aurand, Rose Bailey, Landon Bartholomew, Carter Bennett, Mary Blakslee, Mildred Bradley, Freda Clark, Frank Craig, Laura Edwards, Seymour Ensign, Paul Flickinger, Ernest Hanshue Clarence Harding, Clara Haring, Doris Hoard, Wayland Hyde, Theda Kinch, Alice Kingsbury, Weyland Hyde, Nellie Lowe, Helen Mott, Izora Miller, Violet Pelton, Selena Porter, George Pritchard, Margaret Randall, Elsie Ringer, Kathryn Shane, Ward Simpson, Harold Standon, Sylvia Stewart, Zelah Stewart, Frances Van Epp, Lois Voorhees, Karl Waite, Celia Watters, Clifford Weltmer.

OUR FARMERS—Milton Ruder, Louie Bohley, Carl Anderson, Fannie Welton, Elwyn Nettleton, Fred Lowe, Arthur Huffman, Harold Worden.





SOPHOMORE, B.—Ruth Abbott, Regina Bartunek, Madaline Beedle, Ralph Boyden, Helen Burnham, Florence Campbell, May Clark, Edith Crofoot, LaVerne Foot, Marcella Fretz, Evelyn Graham, Paul Jones, John Lea, Yvonne McNeal, Lucille Offinier, Doris Robinson, Katherine Rowe, Flora Searles, Oral Shaw, Florence Walker, Helen Whipple, Doris Worden.



*Freshmen*





FRESHMAN A.—Martha Armbruster, Mary Bailly, Gertrude Baker, Thelma Blanchard, Olice Curtis, Lloyd Fisher, Floyd Fuller, Lucille Garver, Novella Hanshue, Bertha Heiss, Ruth Holtzberg, Gertrude Hood, Lois Hull, Blanche Kane, Lillian Kane, Avadeen Kerr, Ethel Lance, Iona Lance, Ashley Pelton, Dora Presley, Iona Reese, Bernice Rogers, Lee Rodgers, Theodore Rothacker, Edyth Smith, Franklin Van Epp, Charles Warren, Willard Warren.





FRESHMEN B.—Margery Ainsworth, Theresa Baque, John Barrow, Anetta Barrow, Raymond Emory, Walter Fenn, Helen Heiss, Donna Hood, Helen Johnson, La Rene Lentz, Walter Maple, May Mitchell, Lucille Renz, Hazel Richard, Max Thompson.

OUR FARMERS—Joe House, Wallace Jones, Martin Leatherman, Frank Olson.



# ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

## Football

Date	Place	Opponents	Score	Home Team	Score
Oct.. 4	H	Wadsworth	6	M. H. S.	5
Oct. 7	H	Akron, South	53	M. H. S.	7
Oct. 21	A	Cuyahoga Falls	58	M. H. S.	0
Oct. 28	A	Wooster	48	M. H. S.	0
Nov. 4	A	Amherst	32	M. H. S.	0
Nov. 10	H	Ashland	13	M. H. S.	3
Nov. 17	A	Wadsworth	44	M. H. S.	0

## LINE-UP

STOUP	STANDEN	JONES	WARREN	NETTLETON	HIGH	CASE
L. E.	L. T.	L. G.	C.	R. G.	R. T.	R. E.

ARICK  
Q.

FRETZ	WALKER	WAITE
L. H.	F.	R. H.

By L. MAX HIGH

Practice was delayed a little while on account of the lack of a coach, but finally Mr. Simmermacher was secured. He coached the fellows about three weeks and then Mr. Godlove managed. The signals were changed and this caused some trouble. They were finally straightened around and the boys played their best. Most of the fellows were unfamiliar with the game and this kept back the progress of the team. They did well under such disadvantages but could not in any game run up a score large enough to win. The team played their best through all the season and ought to have praise for finishing the schedule, working under such difficulties.



## FOOT BALL SQUAD

FIRST ROW—Coach Simmermacher, Longacre, Munson, Jones, Blakslee.  
 SECOND ROW—Hoddinott, Hyde, Bennett, Pritchard, Tubbs, Campbell, Warren, Nettleton, Waite.  
 THIRD ROW—Bartholomew, Gift, Walker, Arick, Warren, High.  
 FOURTH ROW—Standon, Cole.





## Baseball

Date	Place	Opponents	Score	Home Team	Score
April 11	H	Wadsworth	5	M. H. S.	3
April 13	H	Seville	9	M. H. S.	7
April 20	A	St. Vincents	3	M. H. S.	10
April 21	H	Wooster	12	M. H. S.	4
April 27	H	Lodi	9	M. H. S.	19
May 9	H	Leroy	3	M. H. S.	11
May 11	A	Wooster	11	M. H. S.	0
May 12	H	St. Vincents	7	M. H. S.	22
May 19	A	Wadsworth	3	M. H. S.	0
May 25	H	Barberton	9	M. H. S.	10
May 26	H	Homer	4	M. H. S.	5
May 26	H	Seville	1	M. H. S.	16
May 26	H	West High	4	M. H. S.	2

By L. MAX HIGH

When practice began after Easter vacation, the prospects for a good team were excellent as we had about six men from last year's squad. The first two games were lost; then the tide turned and Medina won from St. Vincents. After this the team won all but four games.

The County Championship Tournament was held in Medina and our team won the cup by defeating Homer and Seville. The boys have played well all the season and surely have upheld the standards of Old Medina High.

The lineup was as follows:—

Warren—C	Munson—2B	Longacre—SS	Coleman—CF
Gift—1B	Arick—3B	Fretz—RF	Wooldridge—LF
Harding and Hartman—P			



SELLING "HOT DOGS" FOR THE GYM FUND

## How the Gym Fund Grew into a Liberty Bond

During the first semester of this school year, Medina High School, assisted by the generosity of the citizens of the town, worked strenuously to start a fund for a gymnasium.

On Sept. 23, Tag Day was celebrated. Each of the eight classes was assigned a pack of tags of brilliant hue. The price was, "Whatever you want to pay." The effect of the soliciting was, that the town people were decorated in rainbow colors and \$262.53 was obtained as a nest-egg for the fund.

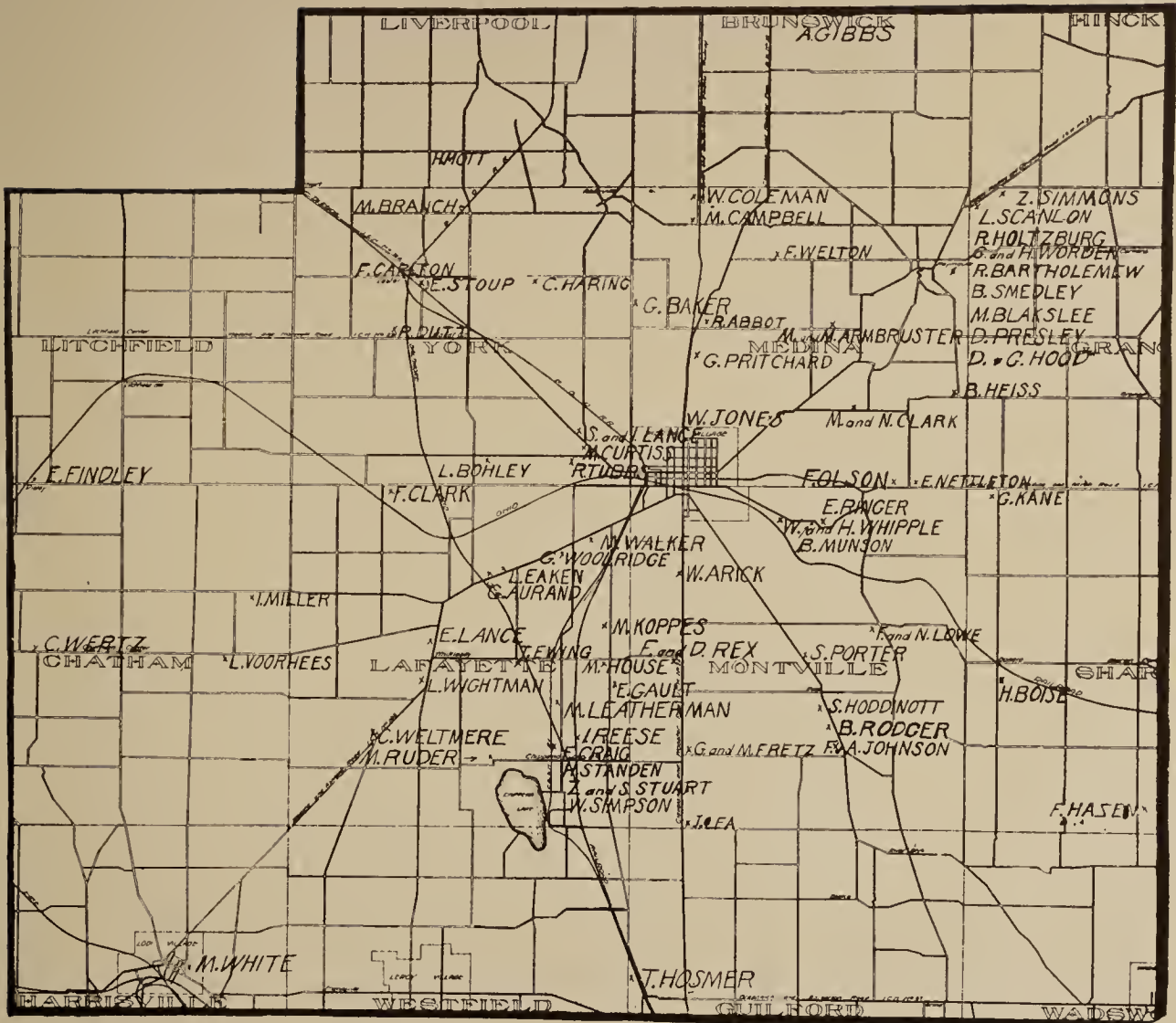
The Carnival was held on the Public Square on Sept. 30. Gayly trimmed booths were erected, where all sorts of refreshments were offered for sale. Other attractions were the fish pond, the mystery tent, an oyster supper, and a dance. \$274.00 was added to the collection.

On October 10, Fred Bohley, baritone, Leo Bartunek and John Beck, pianists, Alfred Dannley, cornet soloist, and James Thompsett, reader, donated their talent at a concert held at the M. E. Church. Result: \$41.70 more.

Then the Club Ladies took up the work. A Community Hallowe'en social was given on W. Washington street. The residents generously opened their homes for Dutch Luncheons, Mexican Eats, Chop Suey Feeds, etc. There was also a Vaudeville Performance, and dancing on the pavement. A check for \$195.55 was sent to the treasurer of the fund.



WHERE OUR BOXWELL STUDENTS LIVE  
Map compiled by Isabelle Warner



A Bazar, at the High School Building, promoted by the Senior Girls, but to which all the pupils generously contributed, was the next in order. Candy, baked goods and needlework were on sale. Of course the fish pond was stocked once more, and a concert company held forth in the Assembly Room. The proceeds were \$73.41.

On December 5, a group of high school girls gave a banquet for the Ohio State Alumni, and transferred their net gain of \$16.81 to the fund.

The Senior Class of June, '17, managed a lecture course, and donated an additional \$100.00. The total now amounts to \$964.00. This is a good beginning, but, under present conditions, it has been considered advisable to invest the money in a Liberty Bond, for \$1000.00. Thus, our fund is secure and at the same time we are "doing our bit" in the great crisis of 1917.

## The Haunted House

By E. WYNN BOYDEN.

No, this is not a ghost story because there weren't really any ghosts after all; and anyway, I don't believe in such things. But still, the most unsuperstitious person in the world can be badly scared if—well, if he is alone in the vicinity of a haunted house during a thunder storm on a summer night.

It all happened on a hot July day last summer. Nothing very ghostly about that. It was sleepy, dreamy sort of weather that made one feel lazy, but I had no time to lie around; I had a job on my hands. It was just this: some time before, father had bought a piece of land down in a remote part of the country. Now he was planning to tile drain it so as to have it ready for the coming year. I was to look over the ground and estimate the cost of the work; that was all. Not a very hard task I thought; in fact, I rather enjoyed the prospect. Ah, little did I know what Fate had in store for me.

It was a long afternoon's ride so I was anxious to get started. Imagine my disgust then, at finding a flat tire; there was nothing to do but fix it, so I set to work. While thus engaged I heard a step behind me and, turning, recognized our new hired man.

"Workin' hard?" he inquired as he sauntered up. I did not answer. There are certain occupations that are not conducive to conversation. The fellow sat down on a box and watched me tug at the tire.

"Where ya goin'?" he asked finally, with an air of indifference.

I told him, rather curtly.

"Say," he said suddenly, "You'll haf to pass the haunted house."

"To thunder with the haunted house," I snapped. "What of it?"

I knew the house in question. It was on a lonely road about eight miles south of our place. It had been deserted for years; how it ever got its unsavory reputation I knew not. My friend was better informed.

"Wall," he said at length, "there hain't been no one in it for more'n forty year."

"How's that?" I inquired, trying not to appear interested.

"Oh," he said, gasping, "the blamed place's haunted."

"Shucks," I replied, "that's rank nonsense."

Now, as a matter of fact, I was going by another road; I would not pass the place at all, but I led him on to see what foolishness he would tell me. He, for his part, evidently thought my education had been neglected for he rose and pointed his finger at me.



"Don'cha know the story that's told of it?" he asked me with an air of incredulity.

I shook my head.

"Wall," he began again, "about forty year ago they'wuz a young feller started to build thet house for his new wife. 'Fore the blamed thing 'uz done they up and quarrelled."

"Well, what of it?" I asked again.

"What of it!" he said severely, "why the durned feller killed her with a club. Folks around there all heard her yell."

I gave him a look of surprise and unbelief which he appeared not to notice.

"But they's one funny thing," he went on, "they was in the house when he done it but there couldn't nobody ever find her remains. He skipped, he did; as for her, like as not her bones is laying 'round in some lonely place."

By this time the tire was patched and I jumped into the machine, ready to start. My informant moved away with admonition concerning the danger involved in proximity to the haunted house. I laughed, and, opening the throttle, drove out of the yard.

As I was alone, it was not long before I fell to thinking of the story. If it had been told after dark and under moaning pine trees, I might have listened with some respect, but in broad daylight;—why, the very idea of a house being haunted! But it was pleasant riding and I soon forgot the incident.

It was past three o'clock when I reached the place. I set to work immediately but the measuring took me longer than I had supposed it would, so that it was nearly sundown before I had finished. All afternoon I had not seen a single person; now that my work was done I was rather glad to go. Just as I was turning to leave, my eye fell on a peculiar looking clump of bushes in a little hollow at one corner of the field. Thinking that there might be a stagnant pool there, I determined to investigate. It was not an easy job, the undergrowth was so thick. As I was pushing my way through, I stumbled and fell. After picking a few dozen thorns out of my person, I looked around to see what I had tripped on. Of all things!—it was a heap of bones lying in a disarranged heap, partly buried and covered with a mat of vines. Suddenly I remembered the queer story the hired man had told me. I looked again; the thing might have been there forty years, all right. As a skeleton it was hardly recognizable. I shuddered; it was growing late. Extricating myself from the brush I started across the field. I looked back once and then ran.

When I reached the auto I was dripping with perspiration. It was insufferably hot, so hot that I was afraid of a storm. And it was ten miles home. Suddenly I bethought myself of a shorter road, not quite so good, to be sure, but

then, anything to get back. I started the auto, and with a last look at the clump of bushes, I was off.

I must have gone about a mile when I happened to think—I was on the road by the haunted house! I could not go back, it was too far, and this ghost business was all nonsense anyhow. Still, I hurried, for I wanted, to get past the blamed place before dark. Then, as I reached the top of the hill, I saw the ghost-plagued edifice. It was beside a cemetery; no wonder it had a bad reputation! The yard was overgrown with weeds. At the front was an old board fence with a rickety gate; at the side, a large dead tree with bare limbs. The house itself was far back from the road but I could see that it was old and dilapidated. The windows were glassless and spectral, the chimney fallen. All things considered, it was not exactly a cheerful place and the more I looked at it the more I hoped that the auto would carry me safely past. What if a tire should burst or—Alas! it was a fatal coincidence. At that very instant there smote upon my ears the sound of escaping air. It was the tire I had patched just before leaving. If I hadn't been so scared I might have said a few things; as it was, I got out the jack and, with a fearful glance at the ruined building, set to work. All was very still, and stifling hot. Sweat ran off my face and I was trembling violently. I tried to hurry but it was no use. My hands shook. I glanced again at the haunted house; at the same moment lightning flashed on the horizon behind it. This did not add any cheerfulness to the situation. I tried, oh I tried, to work fast; but all the while my hands were fumbling with that tire my morbid imagination was revolving the story of the murder. I saw the man strike his wife; I heard her piercing screams. Again I glanced over my shoulder. This time it was the tombstones, illuminated by the lightning's glare, that caught my eye.

At last the tire was changed—it was high time! As I climbed into my seat a wind sprang up; it was the forerunner of the storm. Already I could feel the cool air that comes before the rain. I seized the roll of side curtains. The wind rose to a gale, and as I unrolled the bundle, it snatched one of them from me and blew it across the low fence and toward the house. Instinctively I was out of the auto and after it. The lightning was flashing incessantly or I would not have been able to see that curtain as it flopped across the yard. Now, if any one has ever tried running across an unfamiliar piece of ground that is covered with sticks and stones and grown up to weeds and after dark at that, he will see how it was that I failed to catch the cursed thing. I actually chased it till I was under the dead tree. There I lost all trace of it, but, impelled by a strange curiosity, I turned to look back. The wind had fallen as suddenly as it had risen a minute before. There was a tense stillness. Suddenly the lightning flashed and presented to my horrified gaze a silhouette of the building. Beyond, in the graveyard, the marble stones stood out in bold relief. Then again all was dark and still. Suddenly I fancied that I saw, in the frame of one of the lower windows, a shadowy whitish form. I shut my eyes and turning, ran blindly. Before I had taken two steps my foot caught in the weeds and I lay groveling on the ground. Then it was that I felt that sensation, common to nightmares, of being pursued and unable to run. How



I got back to the auto I don't remember. Luckily for me the engine started without trouble. As I released the brake that fatal fascination caused me to look back. Oh, horrors! from the windows of the haunted house there gleamed an unearthly light. Somehow I started the auto and sought relief in speed.

It's a great wonder that I ever got home that night without wrecking the machine. My appearance when I arrived must have been ludicrous to say the least, but I was in no condition for telling about my troubles; I took something hot and went to bed.

The next morning at breakfast explanations were in order. I told my story. As I finished, I saw the hired man laughing. Naturally, I was indignant.

"Well," I said, "if you don't believe it, come and see the skeleton." Father decided to do so and the auto soon carried us to the fatal spot. Then my disillusionment began. The skeleton was that of some animal, probably a sheep. Imagine my disjust! And the hired man's story was all a myth. True, there was a deserted house that was sometimes said to be haunted, but as for the murder story, it was all a joke. I felt decidedly foolish; of course, I didn't hear the last of that affair for a good long time. But I still believe that the most unsuperstitious person in the world can be badly scared if,—oh, well, you know.

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### Ye Old Time Ballad

O Hyde had a date one night,  
O, it was with Novella,  
But as he went along with her  
He saw another fellow.

Now Hyde was loud and lusty;  
Nothing could make him quake;  
But as he went on farther  
His knees began to shake.

For it was Rusty, brave and strong  
That came along that night;  
And he started to bother Hyde,  
And O! there was some fight.

And O! Novella ran and screamed,  
She was so scared that night;  
And young Hyde got it in the nose,  
And now he does not fight.

—By C. W. M.

## Mollie King

By DALE CLUETT COONS

Mollie King shivered as she stood on the wet, slippery edge of the curb stone on Main Street in a large Ohio city. The rain came down in torrents; her umbrella and raincoat dripped and the water squashed up and down in her shoes whenever she ventured to move an inch on the slippery curb. She was waiting for a car. She had come all the way from Kankakee to Cincinnati to act as social secretary for her wealthy cousin Peg, and had phoned when she arrived, only to be asked if it would be too much trouble for her to stop and get three dozen qumquats for the dinner to be given that night as the cook simply insisted on having that garnish for the salad. Mollie had agreed and now she stood on the edge of the curb with her arms full of three dozen qumquats and an umbrella, while at her feet reposed in a puddle of water her old suitcase which contained her shabby outfit.

For Mollie, unlike her cousin, was not well to do. She had been thrown upon her own resources early in life and had struggled bravely with one thing after another until finally with failing strength she had started toward her cousin's. Peg had married well and was happily established in a beautiful home with a handsome husband and three lovely children.

Although Mollie was wet and bedraggled, she was an attractive spectacle. Her hair was red. It was not a beautiful auburn like one reads about in books, but red, pure unadulterated red. Her eyes were a cheery blue which smiled at life sweetly. She had freckles on the tip of her nose, but they only served to whiten her complexion. She hated red hair and had long decided that she was not even pretty but most people thought she was charming.

Now she stood on the curb waiting for the car that would take her to Peg and the babies. It finally rounded the curve and she started toward it. As she stepped down a sudden gust of wind took her umbrella high in the air. At the same moment her hat started in pursuit and forgetting all she dropped her parcel and waved frantically at the retreating headgear. A laugh at her side brought her to her senses and looking down with a start, to her dismay and disgust, she saw thirty-six little yellow balls, each rolling in a different direction. What was she to do? Her hat was out of sight, undoubtedly under the wheels of a car by now and heaven alone knew where her umbrella was. Here she was, hatless and umbrellaless in the pouring rain, with three dozen qumquats in the gutter at her feet.

"Can I assist you, madam?" The voice was a friendly one. Mollie looked up to find a tall man in a gray ulster with her hat in his hand and her umbrella under his arm.

"Are these yours?" he asked.

"Oh yes, thank you," exclaimed the girl with embarrassment.



"And the qumquats, do they belong to you?" he inquired.

Mollie blushed furiously. "Y—yes," she quavered.

Without a word he stooped and began gathering them up and returning them to the basket from which they had escaped while Mollie stood helplessly by and watched him. While he was doing so she had a good opportunity to look him over.

He was a tall, broad shouldered man, about twenty-six years old. He had light hair and his eyes were gray, a gray which was bright and cheery, eyes which everyone loves. At last he gathered all the qumquats together and rose.

"Now, may I put you on your car?" he asked.

"Oh, if you only would," Mollie cried.

He took her by the arm and led her to where her car stood, helped her aboard and raised his hat in farewell. Mollie spoke:

"How can I ever thank you for being so kind to me?"

"Well," he answered, "it really was nothing, but if you want to thank me, just tell me your name."

Mollie thought quickly. "My name," she replied, "is Evelyn Horace. And now that I have told you mine, you must tell me yours."

"I am Harry Murfree," her benefactor replied. "I surely hope that we may meet again."

By this time the car was moving; so Mollie only waved her hand. After an hour's ride she reached the suburb where Peg lived. Her cousin met her at the door with open arms. "Oh, I was so afraid you would not get here," she cried. "One of the ladies for my dinner cannot possibly come and you will simply have to fill in or my party will be spoiled."

"Why, Peg, I can't. I haven't a thing to wear and besides I'm a stranger here and so awfully tired."

"Well, you can get rested and I'll lend you a dress and you will soon be acquainted." Peg put away her objections on the instant. "Besides," she continued, "that brilliant young war correspondent, Robert Harrison, is to be here and I do so want you to meet him."

"Well, then, I will," said Mollie.

"Oh, I knew you would; you're a dear," and Peg carried her off to see the babies.

That night just before the guests came Mollie went into Peg's room. Her décolleté gown of pale green satin revealed her beautiful neck and arms. She wore no jewelry and no ornament in her hair. "I'm so frightened," she whispered on the way down. "Oh, you'll get over that," was the only consolation she received.

Just before they went in Peg came to her with a guest. "Mr. Harrison, I want you to meet my cousin, Miss King," she said.

Mollie looked at the gentleman and he looked at Mollie. They both gasped a little. Then Harrison straightened and his eyes shone with hidden merriment. "I'm very glad to meet you, Miss King," he said gravely. "Thank you, and I to meet you," she said. She was thinking about the wet pavement and the gutter filled with thirty-six yellow qumquats.

"I believe I'm to take you in?" he queried.

Mollie did not reply. She merely took his proffered arm. All through dinner Harrison was most interesting and she responded to his mood. Never a word did he say about the afternoon's event until the salad course and then he inquired, "Do you care for qumquats?" Mollie blushed furiously but pretended not to hear.

Later in the evening when the floor was cleared for dancing Mollie found a corner in the room behind some palms and sat down to dream and enjoy the music. Her reverie was interrupted by Harrison's appearance. "May I sit out this dance with you *Miss Horace*?" he inquired mischievously. "Why, yes, *Mr. Murfree*, if you wish," answered Mollie with a merry smile.

Harrison sat down beside her and for an hour they talked.

The music played a dreamy waltz and the couples drifted to and fro on the polished floor. The girl spoke first.

"Don't ever tell Peg how I happened to meet you, will you?"

"No, I won't; but why didn't you tell me your real name. I knew it was not Evelyn Horace."

"And I knew that your name was not Harry Murfree. However, I guess that we are even and we will be good friends just the same, won't we?"

"Only friends?" he dared to whisper.

And Peg says that she will forgive Robert Harrison for marrying the only efficient social secretary she ever found, if he will only explain why he has insisted that her cook make qumquat salad for the wedding luncheon.







MANUAL TRAINING SHOP



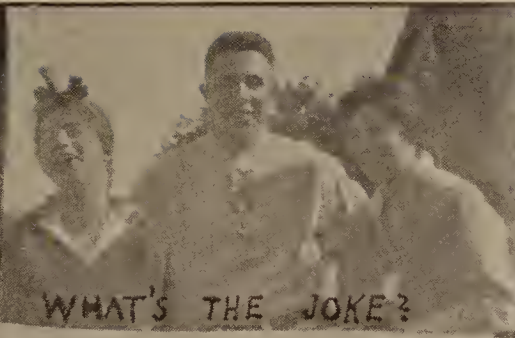


AS OTHERS SEE US





WHICH DO YOU  
WISH YOU WERE?



WHAT'S THE JOKE?



STARES.



Boys of '61



VIOLIN

SENIOR-A'S - WHIP'S-LEDGE



MEMORIAL DAY.





-WAITING-



- Not as cross  
as they look -



"TILLY" LONG.



-HAPPY-



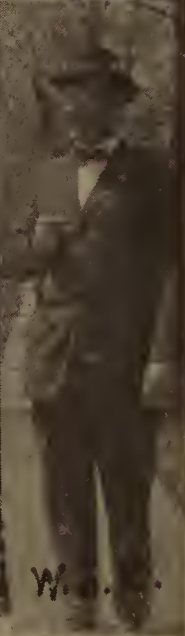
FR.



S.G.E.



LATE IS



W. A. ...





WHAT BROKE THE CAMERA?

# A Pint of Chestnuts

GATHERED BY JAMES THOMPSETT

## Attention 1-B's

A woodpecker sat on a Freshman's head  
And settled down to drill,  
He bored away for a day and a half  
And then 'he broke his bill.

## Class Stones

Senior—Tombstone.  
Junior—Grind Stone.  
Sophomore—Blarney Stone.  
Freshman—Emerald.

## A Study in Zoology

R. Brittan Bennett: "Say, Carter, what's good to stunt a dog's growth?"

Carter Ira Bennett: "Carbolic Acid."

Anna: "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

James: "I began 'by addressing envelopes."

Molly: "Hey, Woggie, keep off the grass."

Woggie: "I ain't on it, I'm walking between it."

Miss McGonagle: "When you ask a question 'always use "Hat er" (Hot air).

F—ierce Lessons.

L—ate Hours.

U—nexpected Company.

N—ot Prepared.

K—icked Out Again.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, "I've flunked again."

Kennedy: "Name some plants from which beverages are made."

Pauline: "Anheuser Busch."

Mr. Godlove (after a long-winded proof): "And now we get  $X=0$ ."

Hartman's sleepy voice from rear: "Gee, all that work for nothing."

Lizzie. "How do you pronounce s-c-e-n-e-r-y?"

Shorty: "Scenery, the c is silent like the cue 'in pool."

Waite (in German): "He then addressed the venerable 'Ratz'."

Mr. Edmunds (in Chapel): "All notebooks that hitherto sold for a nickel are raised to five cents."





Mr. Stear—"Give example of effect going before cause."

Baque—"A man pushing a wheelbarrow."

Seymour—"I ran across an old friend last week."

Cherry—"Did you hurt him?"

Seymour—"Well, he seemed rather sore about something."

Buddy (in auto)—"This controls the brake and it is put on very quickly in case of emergency."

Katherine—"Oh, I see, something like a kimona."

Miss Beech—"How is 'would' used?"

Hyde—"To start fires."

Mr. Stear (in 'Chemistry')—"Will you please tell me about the making of matches?"

Bartuneck—"That depends entirely on what kind of matches you mean."

Bill—"Solution is when a solid disappears in a liquid."

Mr. Stear—"For instance, when a man drops his watch into the well."

Mr. Godlove—"How many sides to a circle."

Craig—"Two, inside and 'outside."

### J. E. T'S Pet Poem

He was seated in the parlor  
And he said unto the light,  
Either you or I, old fellow  
Will be turned down tonight.



# MILITARY

## The Medical Corps

About the first of May, 1917, four young men of Medina took it into their heads to enlist in the United States Army. Their names are Faye Fenton, Bryan Case, Andrew Long, and Glenn Kindig. This is a report of their experiences.

We went to Cleveland for information and decided that the Medical Corps looked the best. On May 10, two days after we got our information we left for Cleveland. We arrived at that city about eight o'clock. There we took our examination. After signing up we were told to report at nine forty-five. We reported at that time and were given meal tickets and our street car fare to be used after we arrived in Columbus. After dinner we left in a body for the depot. Our train went at twelve-thirty. We bade our friends good-bye, which was rather hard for we did not know how long we would be gone. We arrived at two-thirty in Columbus and took the street car to the Columbus Barracks. Then we went to the receiving station and signed some more papers. After that we were measured for our uniforms. On account of there being so many recruits ahead of us we did nothing more until Friday morning.

In the morning our names were called out. 'We then started out on the most trying day we had yet seen. We went to about ten or twelve different rooms of the hospital. After being examined thoroughly we were 'vaccinated. Then we went to another room and received an innoculation. Each enlisted man has to be vaccinated until it works. He is given an innoculation three 'times, each one ten days apart. If he runs off one day he has to start all over again. I know one that will 'be on hand at the end of ten days, because you will have a stiff arm for a couple of days after you receive the vaccination.



We stayed in Columbus until Sunday afternoon, when at four o'clock we left for Fort Sam Houston, Texas. It was a tiresome trip although we saw lots of country. Our ration for each meal and every day was corn beef, bread and cold tomatoes. I never want to see any more corn beef. We made a number of stops on the way and most of us who were fortunate enough to have money, 'jumped off and laid in a supply of food. We arrived in San Antonio at 7:30. There were four or five large motor trucks awaiting us. Two of the seven Pullman cars unloaded here. The rest went to De Rio.

We were supposed to go to the Base Hospital at Ft. Houston. When we arrived there was no place to put us; so we went to Camp Wilson which is joined right on to Ft. Houston. There we found no place to sleep; we went back to the Hospital and then back to Camp Wilson. There we found accommodations, but it was a pretty hard bed. We had only been on the road fifty-five hours and had ridden around for a bed until 11:30, and then had to sleep on the ground. It felt good at that for we were all tired 'enough to sleep standing up. We awoke in the morning pretty well drenched with dew and when we moved we found a number of sore spots. We received a good meal and waited for further orders.

We were at last told to go to Leon Springs, about 25 miles from San Antonio. Here our little party of four who left together were separated. Two of us were put in the field hospital, Company six. Glen and I were put in the Ambulance Company "B." We have twelve ambulances drawn by mules, but within a week we expect to have motor ambulances and three trucks.

Our meals here are about the best you find in the army. We always have meat once a day and sometimes twice. Our dinner today consisted of potatoes, apple sauce, beans, ice cold tea, rice pudding and bread.

Our daily duty consists of reveille at six A. M.; after that we have breakfast. About eight thirty we have drill for a while in the morning. Dinner is served at twelve o'clock. Some 'days we drill a while in the afternoon. At five thirty we have retreat and then we can do as we please until reveille the next morning. On Saturday we have no drill, but we do have 'inspection and everything has to be just so. Our teeth must be cleaned, our shoes polished, our clothes all clean as well as 'our body. Everybody has to have his bunk just so, all blankets folded one particular way. Everyone stands at attention while being inspected. Sunday we have all to ourselves. The Sunday dinner usually consists of chicken and ice cream. 'It makes a fellow think he is at home again.

The drill that we get is different than that given a regular army man. A funny thing happened the other night. I was sound asleep but was 'aroused by a voice. I looked up and one of our bunch from Medina was standing at attention and moving along his bunk as if he had been given the order of "Right Dress." I called out to him and asked him what he was doing; he didn't answer at first but pretty quick he began to rub his eyes. I 'asked him what he was trying to do. He said that he had been dreaming and thought he had been given the command of right 'dress and he must have been obeying the command. He went back to bed and to sleep and I thought I would die laughing.

We have not received our equipment yet but will in 'a day or so. It consists of a first aid outfit, and a large knife. We also have a large medical book which we will have to study. It is mostly the first aid to all kinds of disease.

It is not such a hard life as most people think, yet it is rather hard to be away from all your friends.

Four Ambulance Companies will go to France with General Pershing. There is some talk of ours being one of them. I am hoping 'that we will go.

BRYAN CASE.

## A Letter from Fort Benjamin Harrison

Indianapolis, May 26, 1917.  
8th Co., 8th Tn. Div.  
Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Dear Pupils of M. H. S.:

Knowing that you have a deep interest in all the boys away from Medina, who are in the Service, I am writing to tell what I am doing. As Mr. Stear and I stated, at the party, the Officers Reserve Training Camp is to fit men to become officers to train other men. This is true to the letter here, and all efforts are made to accomplish this end.

We start by getting up at 5:15 A. M. Central time and assemble at 5:30 o'clock followed by twenty minutes of calisthenic drill. Mess is at 6 o'clock and assemble for the practice of drill regulations at 7 o'clock. We keep at the drill until 11:30 and then have thirty minutes until noon mess. At 1 o'clock we start drilling again and go until 4 P. M. At 5:30 we assemble for retreat—6 o'clock mess. At 7:30 P. M. we start our evening, two-hour study. By 9:30 most of us are about ready to go to bed; so taps are sounded at 10 o'clock, when the lights go out.

I think all the men here realize their mission and we are trying to do our best to become trained so as to be able to train the men who will have to help conquer the enemy.

Don't think by the above that we have no pleasure, for we do. When we are not at work, we are encouraged to sing and do anything that will cause us to enjoy ourselves. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays we are free to play, so to speak. We have baseball games Saturdays and on Sunday we have time to go to church and to do a great deal of reading and letter writing.

I might say our greatest pleasure of the day is to get our mail. We are all expecting something every day and so I can assure you I will appreciate a letter from any or all of you, telling me about the doings around Medina. This is because I feel I still belong to dear old Medina High and because you are each and every one a part of it.

When the time comes for you to do your part, whatever it may be, I know you will do it just as willingly as we men are trying to do ours.

Wishing you all the best of good luck, I am

Yours in Service,

CARL C. LOWE, '13.



ON TERRA FIRMA

England, May 13, 1917.

Dear Ones at Home:

First time I have had time to write you since we have solid ground under our feet. Probably you know by this time we are all safe across, as we understand Dr. Crile will cable you immediately on our landing.

You will notice I make no mention of our location as the censor is very strict and rather than have my letter discarded, will confine my remarks to "personal" rather than public statements. At any rate I may say that I am well and happy, food is fine, our quarters are excellent and people everywhere are good to us.

We were given a royal reception when we landed and it made our hearts thrill to find things so. We are beginning to feel the spirit of war. It is in the air and is bound to get into one's blood—already I am beginning to "feel" as a soldier.

Talking with veterans of their experience and with wounded men of their fight gives you an idea that numbers and print do not give. I talked with a Welshman coming over who had been in the trenches and had been in a gas attack. This afternoon I talked with a Scotchman who had been in Egypt fighting the Turks and I saw a man who had lost his left leg and right arm at the Somme.

Yesterday I traveled through the prettiest bit of country I ever saw, green fields, hedges, little white brick cottages, canals, and pretty roads—a wonderful country this.

We are not yet at work but expect to start Monday. How long we will be here and what we will do next, we know not and we do well in taking each day as it comes and making the most of it.

The English think we are funny and we think they are queer. They can hardly understand us. They think we are pale and they don't think we are healthy. I have had an enormous appetite since I first set sail and what is more, I have had enough to satisfy it.

A postscript for Sunday evening—This morning we paraded to our headquarters and raincoats were issued to us. After that several of us stopped at church and then our dinner of roast beef, potatoes, tea, bread and butter, corn starch pudding and prunes. A walk into the country this evening and a visit to an encampment this afternoon completes our day.

Love to you all. Write me often. Of course I have not begun to get your letters, as yet.

Goodbye until next time.

LAWRENCE COLE, '14.



Karl Jenks '15  
Sophomore at Case  
Engineers Corps, U. S. A.

William Gates '15  
Employee at Kelly-Spring-  
field Rubber Co.  
U. S. A. Naval Militia

Fred Bohley '15  
Sophomore at Baldwin-  
Wallace College  
Lakeside Hospital Unit  
"Somewhere in France"

Edward Kennan '08  
Employee at A. I. Root  
Co.  
5th O. N. G., U. S. A.



Carl Moutoux '10  
Employee at Warner-  
Hemmeter Co.  
Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Lawrence Cole, '14  
Junior at Oberlin College  
Lakeside Hospital Unit  
"Somewhere in France"

Ralph Worden '12  
The Newman-Stern Co.  
Signal Corps U. S. A.

John Munson '12  
Employee at White Auto  
Co.  
Engineers Corps, U. S. A.



Sidney High '14  
Junior at Western Re-  
serve  
Marine Corps  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Homer Bennett '14  
Junior at Dartmouth Col-  
lege  
Coast Patrol  
Portland, Maine

Branch Pierce '15  
Freshman at Western Re-  
serve  
Troop A Cavalry Corps

Howard Warner '15  
Scout Headquarters  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Troop A Cavalry Corps





Bryan Case '17  
Medical Corps  
Ft. Wilson, Texas

Glenn Kindig  
Employee at A. I. Root  
Co.  
Medical Corps  
Ft. Wilson, Texas

Andrew Long '16  
Freshman at Western Re-  
serve  
Medical Corps  
Ft. Wilson, Texas  
"Somewhere in France"

Faye Fenton '16  
Employee at Munson's  
Hardware  
Medical Corps  
Ft. Wilson, Texas  
"Somewhere in France"



Ralph Snedden '13  
Grad. of O. S. U. Vet.  
Dept. '16  
Veterinary Corps

Earl Hawkins '10  
Employee at Henderson's  
Contractor Co.  
Officer's Reserve  
Ft. Benj. Harrison, Ind.

Herbert Horn '12  
Grad. of Western Re-  
serve '16  
Law School at Western  
Reserve  
Troop A 1st Cavalry

Carl Lowe '13  
Grad. of O. S. U. Agr.  
Dept. '17  
Officer's Reserve  
Ft. Benj. Harrison, Ind.

Twenty-six former members of Medina H. S. have now entered the service as volunteers. Besides those whose pictures you see on these pages are:

Dr. John McDowell, '97, Columbus, O., Medical Corps.

Newton Miller, '09, Supt. of Schools, Bath, O., now in the U. S. Marines.

Charles Griesinger, '16, Ann Arbor Hospital Corps.

Wendell Learch, '11, U. S. Marines.

Max Sargeant, 5th O. N. G., U. S. A.

Franklin Elder, '17, U. S. Marines.

We are proud indeed, of these Alumni and the wish of all is that when their duty is done they may return in safety to old Medina.



"THE BATTALION OF THE HIOE"

FIRST ROW—Carl Anderson, Robert Tubbs, Fred Lowe, Myron Curtis, Joseph House,  
Wells Whipple, Harold Worden.

SECOND ROW—Louis, Boley, Arthur Huffman, Sidney Lance, Martin Leatherman, Everett Gault.



FIRST ROW—Baque, L. Bartholomew, Pritchard, Beedle, Brockway, Schmidt, Thatcher, Bartunek,  
Stoup, Leach.

SECOND ROW—Mader, Rolph, Cobb, Garver, Simmons, Anderson, Warren, J. Bartholomew

THIRD ROW—Abel, R. Boyden, Abbott, Waite, Scoutmaster Olds, Van Epp, Root, E. Boyden.



## Alumni Statistics

From June 1916 to June 1917

### At College

Forty-five members of the Alumni have attended college this year.

Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio: Faith Anderson, '16; Wayne Anderson, '13; Everett Warren, '16; Ralph Watters, '15; Carl Woodward, '14; Virgil Damon, '14; Leland Walton, '13; Carl Lowe, '13; Helen Hobart, '13; Glenn Geisinger, '13; Arthur French, '13.

University of Akron, Akron, Ohio: Arbie Carlton, '13.

Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio: Dwight Shepard, '16; Ivan Weiz, '11; Karl Jenks, '15; Anna Holcomb, '15; Hettie Gill, '14; Lawrence Cole, '14.

Wooster College, Wooster, Ohio: Frieda McMillian, '16; Maude Whipple, '13.

Western Reserve College, Cleveland, Ohio: Andrew Long, '16; Sidney High, '14; John Weber, '13.

Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio: Ruth Hoddinott, '16; Fred Bohley, '15; Ruth Wright, '13; Doris Searles, '15; Ralph Stewart, '15.

Kent Normal School, Kent, Ohio: Grace Hartman, '15.

Ohio Northern College, Ada, Ohio: Joseph Seymour, '15.

Woman's College, Cleveland, Ohio: Genevieve Nichols, '15.

Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville, Ohio: Edith Shepard, '15.

Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio: Fred Kelser, '13.

Ohio Wesleyan College, Delaware, Ohio: Clayton Carlton, '14.

Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H.: Homer Bennett, '14.

Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio: Clifton Loomis, '12.

Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.: Elizabeth McDowell, '14; Helen McDowell, '16.

University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona: Albert Gill, '15.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn.: Charles Greisinger, '16.

Temple University, Philadelphia, Penn.: Harold Harrington, '14.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan: Edwin Brainard, '10; Charles Turner, '16.

North Manchester College, Indiana: Evelyn Krieger, '14.

Oberlin Business College, Oberlin, Ohio: Stanley Hartman, '16.

Actual Business College, Akron, Ohio: Helen Webber.

### Marriages

Twenty-four members of the Alumni have married since June 1st, 1916:

Ezra Mason, '97 to Mabel McDougall; Harold West to Ada Branch, '95; Ernest Edwards, '02 to Lucille Herriman; Frank Harris, '05 to Lucille Simmons; John Eshelman to Alma House, '06; Carl Halleck to Florence Bowman, '05; Floyd Stine to Elsie Bennett, '08; Homer Yoder, '09 to Catherine Dunn; Carl Carston, '10 to Alma Friedt; Marshall Bryant to Mildred Calvert, '12; Elmer Carston to Netha Reed, '12; Harold Ziegler to Lucille Huntsberger, '13; Clinton Owens to Helen Ganyard, '13; John Renz, '13 to Mae Isham, '15; Ceylon Woodruff, '13 to Mildred Kirkpatrick, '12; Guy Chamberlain, '15 to Lillian Carlton, '13; Orlan Nettleton, '15 to Mildred Kramer, '12; Howard Ryan to Beulah Wallace, '16; S. A. Howard to Lue Rawlings, '16; L. E. Luke to Mary Humpherey, '16.

### Deaths

Elon Wheeler, '16, Oct. 5, 1897—July 25, 1916.

Charles Wheeler, '08, Apr. 12, 1888—July 25, 1916.

Clare Warner '95, Feb. 1877—Dec. 24, 1916.



CLASS OF 1880





CLASS OF 1899









# Alumni List

## CLASS OF '76

\*Bertie Barnard  
\*Herbert Clark  
Sarah Washburn Pritchard  
Bessie Johnson Zimmerman

## CLASS OF '77

Jay Sargent

## CLASS OF '78

Janet B. Glenn  
Lovina Washburn Hammerschmidt  
\*Nora Oatman Heath  
Lina Pardee Showers  
Dr. Julia Washburn

## CLASS OF '80

Nettie Johnson Burnham  
Louise Griesinger Hills  
Ola Fenn Hills  
Nellie Green Hobart  
Laura Holben  
Addie Stoakes Miller  
\*George Nettleton  
Ellery O. Phillips  
Hattie Warner Viall

## CLASS OF '81

Sarah Clark Eddy  
\*Edith Hobart Spellman  
Ernest R. Root  
Dr. Earl H. Sargent  
Bertha Hoxsie  
Frederika Salisbury Bissel

## CLASS OF '82

Mary Shepard Griesinger  
Bessie McDowell Hewes  
James B. Nettleton  
\*Hattie Kennedy Pratt  
George S. Rowe  
Clara Steeb  
Emma Rowe Thompson

## CLASS OF '83

Ella M. Boulton  
\*Lyman Munson  
Kitty Wilder Nettleton  
Bertha Colt Rolfe  
\*Lena Sanders  
George C. Shepard  
Flora Shaw Sipher  
Sadie Shepard Steeb

\*Deceased

## CLASS OF '84

Bell Mattison Barnes  
Dr. H. D. Bishop  
May Nettleton Cottingham  
Perlea Green Damon  
\*Carrie Kimball Hawthorne  
James M. Seaton

## CLASS OF '85

Wm. E. Adams  
Nettie Frazier Borger  
Maude Smart Branch  
Mattie Collins Crocker  
Debbie Miller Dannley  
Bertha Brintnal Henderson  
Hattie Maile Hird  
Mary Sipher Leach  
Nathan H. McClure  
Eva Phelps Rice  
Pardee Sanders  
Lulu Day Shepard  
George F. Tomlinson  
Carrie Collins Wertz

## CLASS OF '86

Edna Hayden Andrews  
Flora Frazier Beard  
Forrest W. Clark  
\*Harry S. Foskett  
Mary Phillips Holmes  
\*Frank H. Leach  
\*Andy M. Patterson  
Emma Phillips  
Lena Coddington Stanley  
C. D. Wightman

## CLASS OF '88

Amy Collins Hawkins  
Alfred M. Kenyon  
Jessie Fenn Lowe  
Gertrude Lewis Mack  
\*Bertha Nettleton  
\*Laura Nettleton  
Edwin S. Stoddard  
Sherman B. Stoddard  
Marian Colt Browne Wing

## CLASS OF '89

Dr. Emily Blakeslee  
Minnie Gayer Carr  
Irving S. Fenn  
Orlen F. Ferriman  
Helen Foskett  
Don Goodwin  
Mame Griesinger Hamlin

Lucy Kennedy Harrison  
Mildred Gray Hastings  
Harry Lewis  
Julia Logan  
Mary Logan  
Allie Dealing McNeal  
Alice Huddleston Robbins  
\*Maude Shane  
Dwight Shepard  
Genie Andrews Shepard  
Belle Warner  
Mary Wheatly  
Lizzie Whipple  
Belle Holben Williams

## CLASS OF '90

Gay Harrington Campbell  
Pearl Nettleton Fisher  
Harry Hard  
Grace Finch Kenyon  
Ozro Sanders  
Pearl Brenner Warner

## CLASS OF '87

Gail Abbott  
George Bishop  
Emily Bostwick  
Lecca Miller Hard  
Bessie Depew Hart  
William Hemmeter  
Nora Collins Ireland  
Edith Hickox Jackson  
Robert Jones  
Carrie Shepard Knapp  
Charles Manville  
Hattie Shepard McClure  
Corwin McDowell  
Richard Rowe  
Robert Salisbury  
Mollie Ross Smith  
Edward Thompson  
\*Christian Washburn  
Bessie Lowe Reeves

## CLASS OF '91

Alpha Allen  
Homer Bishop  
Alfred Burdoin  
Carrie Warner Calvert  
\*Carrie Curtiss  
Clifton Green  
Frank Gruniger  
Nell Emery Hemmeter  
Emily Burkett Hoff  
Herman Kenyon  
Lula Fitts Kenyon



Ernest Martin  
Hattie Whipple Reynolds  
Nora Huddleston Werston  
\*Mabel Allen VanEpp

## CLASS OF '92

Arthur Abbott  
Gertrude Bishop  
\*Grace Cherbonneau  
Pearl House Eaken  
Myron Ferriman  
Will Fitch  
Burr Foskett  
Herman Hubbell  
Belle Inman  
John Kenyon  
Mary L. Kimball  
John Sipher  
Lillian Hemmeter Spitzer  
Carl Steeb  
Dr. Bessie Walling

## CLASS OF '93

Minnie Freeman Aldrich  
Meda Bratton Dutton  
Homer Hale  
Clyde Jones  
Adelaide Whipple Rhodes  
Lena Smith  
Bertha Harvey Stewart  
Eugene Stoddard  
Elizabeth Stowe  
Arthur VanEpp  
May White

## CLASS OF '94

Dr. Roy Bishop  
Mary Blakeslee  
Lilly Fretter Burkett  
Albert Cinniger  
Bee Foley  
Katherine Gollmar  
Ella Bateman Green  
Glenn Hemmington  
Ora Hewes  
Will Hubbell  
Rachel Jones  
Orpha Ingham Kindig  
Della Anderson Longacre  
Lila Wood Martin  
Albert Nettleton  
May Fenn Newmyer  
Orlin Neumeyer  
Thomas Reece  
Addie Shaw  
Elbert Spitzer  
Dr. Owen VanEpp  
Marcus Walling

\*Deceased

Viva McDougall Ward  
Bert Watters  
Edith Wall Young

## CLASS OF '95

Carl Abbott  
Lou Ainsworth Alexander  
Clare Baker  
Orlin Baughman  
Fanny Roshon Beedle  
Kate Pearson Blakeslee  
Robert Bowman  
Alvin Branch  
Jesse Curtiss  
Fred Emery  
Mamie Gray Nettleton  
Fanny House Hartman  
Louie Dealing Hubbell  
Edna Zimmerman Jones  
Ethel Burdoin Jones  
Walker Kennedy  
Herbert King  
Grace Adams Lund  
Edward Nettleton  
Anna Roden Schamp  
Kate Shepard Shane  
Edith Andrew Senyard  
Sidney Spitzer  
\*Clare Warner  
Eva Oatman Warner  
Nina Nichols Watters  
George West

## CLASS OF '96

Ethel Nichols Abbott  
Lillian Albro  
Mildred Albro  
Carrie Root Boyden  
Louise Busher Bootes  
Edna Brainard  
Ella Canavan  
Edward Chapin  
Herman Clark  
Pearl Wightman Cole  
Karl Fenn  
Ada Logan Hahn  
Josephine Blakeslee Hickox  
Raymond Holcomb Halstead  
Will House  
Mabel Harrington Kellogg  
Neal Kellogg  
Lena Howe Lance  
Ernest Newton  
Grace Cole Marple  
Ernest Newton  
Kate Stowe Oatman  
Bessie Oviatt Randall  
Lewis Randall  
Maude Payne Reese  
\*Della Knapp Setters  
Flora Warner

## CLASS OF '97

Anna Hills Abbott  
Louisa Holmes Ainsworth  
Herbert Bennet  
Grace Perkins Brainard  
\*Ethel Pearson Burnett  
Arthur Carston  
John Chapin  
Ross Cotner  
Will Davis  
Hobart Edwards  
Perry Green  
Lucile Hatch Hartmann  
Carrie Fitch Holcomb  
Burnice Horn  
Clarence Howk  
Ella Fahy Kelling  
Robert Lowe  
E. La Verne Bishop Lyman  
Emma Mayer  
Ezra Mason  
John McDowell  
\*Nina Nichols McMichael  
Minnie Newton  
Will Nichols  
Faith Kehren Rice  
James Rickert  
Court Sears  
Melva Hart Smith  
Laura Huddleston Swain  
Bessie Tebbit  
George Walker  
Carrie Nugent Wilkinson  
Walter Wood  
Ivan Yoder  
Edna Adams Young

## CLASS OF '98

George Abbott  
Ethel Branch Benedict  
Rita Seeley Burrer  
Alice Hale Canfield  
Carrie Bart Chilson  
George W. Faul  
Ella Gunkelman Gast  
Mettie Gable Hale  
Edna Rickard Hamilton  
Mame Roden Hemington  
Roy F. Huddleston  
\*Bertha Smith Johnson  
May E. Levett  
Elizabeth Hale Lickorish  
Bertha Neumeyer  
Marion F. Oviatt  
Anna Hobart Rickard  
Agnes Knapp Risley  
Earl V. Roshon  
Lenora Barnabee Sears  
Mabelle Hart Spellman  
Cecilia Stewart Medred

\*Bessie Templeton  
Elizabeth Glunz Wagner  
Belle Tebbitt Willis  
Ezra W. Witter  
Ralph B. Wood

## CLASS OF '99

Eva Cole Beach  
Clair Carlton  
Ethel Reinhart Clement  
Carrie Severcool Dimmock  
Albert Fretter  
Rev. Raymond Fretz  
Edith West Gable  
Will Gower  
Eunice Hobart  
Edith Reinhart Kieffer  
Ruth Chidsey Kraver  
Grace Mattingly LaCroix  
Jennie McFadden Lower  
Karl Lutz  
Grace Fusselman Ramsey  
Robert Renz  
Ross Schlabach  
Iva Crofoot Striver  
John Swartz  
Florence Whipple Tanner  
Mame Hobart Warner  
Eva Spitzer Woods  
Harvey Yoder

## CLASS OF '00

Sophia Charbonneau Amheim  
Ray Bachtell  
Marcia Holmes Bishopric  
Sadie Eshelman Carr  
Jay Caswell  
Norris Clark  
Bessie Foote Cleverdon  
Ina Dennison Dill  
Pearl Drake  
Earl Foote  
Pearl Reese Hand  
Clarence Horn  
Laura Gable Lance  
Frances Collins Mayes  
Wellington Merritt  
Myrtle Nichols Moncrief  
Lena Moore  
Grace Nettleton  
John Oviatt  
Ralph Pierce  
Huber Root  
Lucy Bowsher Schubert  
Nora Walling Seymour  
Dora Watters Todd  
Edgar Tubbs  
Genie VanEpp Wherry

## CLASS OF '01

Edna Hoeakert Bennett  
Susie N. Billings  
Phillip W. Bohley  
Rae Wood Boswell

\*Deceased

Edna Gruninger Dillman  
Frances Phillips England  
Nellie Tompkins Fretz  
Stephen N. Green  
Frank Hard  
Tracy J. Hills  
Leah B. Kennedy  
Ruth R. Kennan  
Rev. John H. La Croix  
Ernest Lowe  
Claude Moody  
Cora Eshelman Myers  
Maude Bradley Nichols  
Orville A. Nichols  
James M. Prichard  
Ruby E. Reinhart  
L. Max Richards  
\*Ella Hobart Schlabach  
McConnell Shank  
Pearl Maple Vaterick  
Cora Warren  
Dorian C. Watters  
Norman O. West  
Frank C. Whipple  
Winifred I. Wolcott  
Rena Holmes Wood

## CLASS OF '02

Winifred V. Fitch  
E. Fay Griffith  
Florence Sipher  
M. Elizabeth Yoder Holzer  
Florence Busher Hills  
Ernest L. Edwards  
\*Adeline French VanEpp  
Sadie H. Green  
\*Bion B. Hawkins  
Clinton M. Horn  
Iva M. Howk Gardner  
Josephine Kennedy Renz  
Gail H. Kellogg  
Clare M. Jones  
Lela M. Kindig Reid  
Cora L. Massey Salmon  
Donna E. Phillips Longsdorf  
Robert E. Pierce  
Nettie Severcool Bowman  
Jennie Styer Bowman  
Harold A. Tubbs  
Lillian M. Turner  
\*Minnie B. Sackett Auble

## CLASS OF '03

Mary Burt Barker  
George Thompson  
Lena Herthnick Thompson  
Paul VanEpp  
Lucile Kimmel Hallock  
Hattie Sackett Greenburg  
Gertrude Beedle Markley  
Julia Weber Gayer  
Edith Bateman Tibbitts  
Ann Hoeckert  
\*Cora Witter  
Emma Yoder Lindig  
Illa Damon Waite

Charles Iper  
Albert Brainard  
Pearl Cadnum Holden  
Robert Richmond  
Wm. Hammerschmidt  
Ned Hawkins  
Minnie Huntley Mott  
Edna Person Covad  
Howard Huff  
\*George Hill  
Jessie Brintnall Oviatt  
Ruth Bachtell  
Julia Fitch  
Mildred Tubbs  
Harry Hartman  
Melva Pratt Finney

## CLASS OF '04

Lena Edwards Beck  
Minnie Deucker Kunz  
Harriet Eddy Gehman  
Lena Grunniger Chipps  
Marcia Cadnum  
Milton Eddy

## CLASS OF '05

Myron A. Bachtell  
Fionna M. Bessy  
Joyce Chase  
Clare M. Chipps  
Carl Dawley  
Gladys M. Harrington  
Mamie E. Knuth  
Florence J. Phillips  
B. LaMont McFadden  
Glenn A. Randall  
Elizabeth J. Smith  
Lona M. Weidman Salsbury  
Frank Harris  
Helen Ryan Pelton  
Dewey E. Beech  
Glenn E. Benjamin  
Florence A. Bowman Hallock  
Edgar P. Brainard  
Ada Branch West  
Catherine Fisher Gardner  
Golda Fuller Lance  
Mildred W. Hobart  
Neva F. Hobart  
Dennis O. Ingham  
Paul P. Wells  
Elton Wheeler  
Halcyon Yoder

## CLASS OF '06

Katherine Clark  
Ethel V. Davis Gallup  
Cora M. Dillman  
Nell M. Eddy  
Richard G. Hoddinott  
Amy J. Holmes Lefker  
Ernest O. Waltz  
Rev. Blake Arnold  
Eleanor Bachtell  
Flora E. Case



Harry O. Ferguson  
 Carl H. Harrington  
 Alma F. House Eshelman  
 Roy E. Kimmell  
 Mary Pelton Johns  
 Joseph H. Pritchard  
 Lela Salmon Hartzog  
 Lee Sargeant  
 Carl Seymour  
 Elberta Tanner Wightman  
 Floyd Van Deusen  
 Joseph F. Vittel  
 \*Clarence L. Warner  
 Perle Thomas Hartman

## CLASS OF '07

Mollie Clement Clement  
 Lyle D. Eddy  
 Katherine Fish  
 Vida Fuller Johnson  
 Lillian Heath Kindig  
 Alice Huntley Danaher  
 Nettie Levett Wagner  
 Harold F. Martin  
 Genvieve Phillips Reinhardt  
 Elizabeth Adelaide Pritchard  
 Doris Randall  
 Milo Rudd  
 Earl S. Sargeant  
 Lawrence S. Warner  
 Maude Waters Rollins  
 \*Hazel E. Benjamin  
 Netha V. Clark  
 Pearl B. Gower  
 Wm. Harrington  
 Blake E. Hartman  
 George B. House  
 Carl H. Huffman  
 Ethlyn Rumbaugh Reynolds  
 Chester W. Ryan  
 Leda M. Thomas Wilbur  
 Sada D. Waters  
 Mary K. Weibley Gunsolus  
 Nina M. Wheeler Galiner  
 Ray H. Wiles  
 Edmund F. Sipher

## CLASS OF '08

Grace Balmer Penniman  
 Elsie Bennett Stine  
 Lydia Boswell  
 Edna Brainard Waltz  
 Gladys Branch McFadden  
 Minnie Earl  
 Maria Foote Halliwill  
 May Gray Gault  
 Pearl Hill Decher  
 Vera Hobart Schlabach  
 Lucerne Hoddinott  
 Ival Kirkpatrick Kelser  
 May Lee Lindley  
 Mabel Morrell  
 X. Pearl Oatman Adams  
 Mary Louise Paul Mitchell  
 Leona Salmon Woolley  
 Velma Smith Kelser  
 May Thatcher  
 Angie Tubbs Koons  
 Clara Ulmer Hallock  
 Alma Wheeler Good  
 Elbridge Burt  
 Clare Davenport  
 Frank Griesinger  
 Fred Pierce  
 Rufus Kennedy  
 \*Charles Wheeler

\*Deceased

## CLASS OF '09

Homor Yoder  
 Velma Stauffer  
 Marie C. Yocum Russell  
 Walter R. Clark  
 Aldis Wurtz  
 Carl M. Starr  
 Ruby Bell Orton  
 Fidelia J. Hard Farwell  
 Florence Robinson Webber  
 Oscar Phillips  
 Edward Steeb  
 Edward Kennan  
 Newton T. Miller  
 Minerva G. Pratt  
 Gladys L. Gusselman  
 Ella R. Kramer  
 Lucile Branch Blair  
 Dan Tintzman  
 Carl Orth  
 Chan Munson  
 Earl Thatcher  
 Harry Burnham  
 Paul Partlon  
 Neil Brintnall  
 Lena Gunkelman  
 Nell Hamerschmidt  
 Faye Franks Rumbaugh  
 Lucile Warren  
 Pearl Wright Miller  
 Roy Wightman  
 Peter Vittel

## CLASS OF '10

Laura Louise Arthur  
 Harry House Bachtell  
 Edwin A. Brainard  
 Lillian Beach Williams  
 Iva Celia Bowman  
 \*Bert Buckingham  
 Maxwell T. Burnham  
 Howard R. Calvert  
 Letha A. Carlton  
 Carl O. Carsten  
 Franklin W. Clark  
 Nina E. Cole  
 Claude C. Crawford  
 Elmer K. Friedel  
 Archie L. Geisinger  
 Lucille Hemmeter Long  
 Lucy E. Hill  
 Pauline House Fuller  
 Dwight Kaufman  
 Ruth Kennedy Tanner  
 Olive M. Leister  
 Edith Lucille Miller  
 Raymond J. Miller  
 Olive A. Moody  
 Karl E. Moutoux  
 Floyd E. Nichols  
 Leiva Salmon Bradley  
 Viva Sargeant Ewing  
 Grover A. Stroup  
 Margorie Van Deusen Orth  
 Mae R. Waltz

## CLASS OF '11

Corwin M. Witter  
 Edna L. Worden  
 Ernest H. Adams  
 Floyd S. Bennet  
 Dorothy V. Fisher  
 Herbert Frank  
 Florence Goodyear  
 Kline Heath  
 Frank Hobart  
 Herle Immel

Gerald Johnson  
 Fred Koons  
 Earl Leatherman  
 Wendell Lerch  
 Ica Johnson Mader  
 Isadene Miner  
 Gertrude Morell  
 Julia Smith Munson  
 W. Max Phillips  
 Clarence Rickard  
 Alice Ritchie  
 Caroline Treffinger  
 Mabel Treffinger  
 Ivan Weisz  
 Clayton Wiles

## CLASS OF '12

Bertha Bohley  
 Dorothy Branch  
 Helen Yetta Burgin  
 Mildred Calvert Bryant  
 Lillian Carlton Chamberlain  
 Janneta Case  
 Arthur Clark  
 Marjorie Clark  
 Hazel Clarke  
 Eulalia Damon  
 Sidney Fenn  
 Richard Fluent  
 Effie Gates  
 Charles Gertiser  
 Edward Gibbs  
 Florence Braden Gill  
 Esther Hale  
 Marguerite Nugent Hohmann  
 Winnie Thomsett Ilines  
 Herbert Horn  
 Mildred Kirkpatrick Woodruff  
 Mildred Kramer Nettleton  
 Bertha Lerch Ransaw  
 Arthur Letterly  
 Clifton Loomis  
 Wm. McFadden  
 John Munson  
 Lucius Nettleton  
 Arthur Pierce  
 Arvilla Adams Raw  
 Netha Reed Carston  
 George Rickert  
 Dorothy Rollins  
 Gladys Schlabach  
 Hallie Shaw  
 Emma Shildrick  
 Nita Thomas  
 Wm. Todd  
 Willis Todd  
 Magdalena Waters  
 Marion Whipple  
 Ralph Worden  
 Helen Yoder

## CLASS OF '13

Wayne Anderson  
 Julia Anderson  
 Erwin Brought  
 Lucile Blakslee  
 Robert Beach  
 Marian Branch  
 Arbie Carlton  
 Oscar Culler  
 Helen Clark  
 Lowell Ewing  
 Arthur French  
 Marcella Fisher  
 Glenn Geisinger  
 Helen Ganyard Owens

Layton Ganyard  
 Marion Garver  
 \*Naoma Gault  
 Marion Gleason  
 Helen Hobart  
 Ralph House  
 Fred Kelser  
 Carl Lowe  
 Sherman Maple  
 Myrtle Pelton McFadden  
 Wm. Rauscher  
 \*Zelma Renz  
 John Renz  
 Ralph Snedden  
 Lucile Hunsberger Ziegler  
 Caroline Simmons Heath  
 Evelyn Thatcher  
 Leland Walton  
 John Weber  
 Maude Whipple  
 Ruth Wright  
 Ceylon Woodruff

## CLASS OF '14

Fred Adams  
 Homer Bennett  
 Geraldine Canavan  
 Lawrence Cole  
 Clayton Carlton  
 Virgil Damon  
 Clara Fenn  
 Emery Fisher  
 Ruth Ferriman  
 Hettie Gill  
 Clarence Gardner  
 Harold Harrington  
 Sidney High  
 Evelyn Krieger  
 Maud Lowe Stahly  
 Arthur McQuate  
 Elizabeth McDowell  
 Faye Simms  
 Paul Shane  
 Florence Thatcher  
 Carl Woodward

## CLASS OF '15

Lucile Allen  
 Earl Arick  
 Julia Bailey  
 Fred Bohley  
 Ruth Burkett  
 Dorothy Bradway  
 Beatrice Blakslee  
 Harold Burnham  
 Guy Chamberlain  
 Mabel Chidsey  
 Alfred Dannely  
 Dwight Derr  
 Alsetta Fretz  
 Victor Gates  
 Wm. Gates  
 Albert Gill  
 Grace Hartman  
 Lloyd Heath  
 Wm. Hobart  
 Anna Holcomb  
 Karl Jenks  
 Marjorie Kindig  
 Ethel Krieger  
 Dessie Leatherman  
 Otto Morelock  
 Orlan Nettleton  
 Genevieve Nichols  
 Mildred Pettit  
 Branch Pierce

\*Deceased

Jennie Rickert  
 Hazel Roberts Derhammer  
 Rhea Rounds  
 Joseph Seymour  
 Edith Shepard  
 Doris Searles  
 Ralph Stewart  
 Emanuel Tintzman  
 James Thayer  
 Helen Tubbs  
 Glenn Weisz  
 Dana Whipple  
 Nancy Watters  
 Ralph Waters  
 Howard Warner

## NORMAL GRADUATES

Mildred Arnold  
 Bessie Breyley  
 Emily Clark  
 Christina Dannley  
 Clara Fenn  
 Alta Johnson  
 Sarah Kernan  
 Mae Isham Renz  
 June Scanlan  
 Orene Sherman  
 Nellie Stroup

## CLASS OF '16

Faith Anderson  
 Irene Beedle  
 Alice Best  
 Ray Bishop  
 Dudley Borger  
 Faye Fenton  
 Paul Friedel  
 Charles Griesinger  
 Avonell Handschy  
 Stanley Hartman  
 Howard Hawk  
 Ruth Hoddinot  
 Lue Rawlings Howard  
 Gladys Hyde  
 Florence Johnson  
 Alice Kehren  
 Foster Kindig  
 Florence Leach  
 Andrew Long  
 Mary Humphrey Luke  
 Ansel Mann  
 Frieda McMillan  
 Helen McDowell  
 Owen Nixon  
 Dorothy Rex  
 Florence Rex  
 Beulah Wallace Ryan  
 Dwight Shepard  
 Oretta Shaw  
 Loren Swigart  
 Raymond Treffinger  
 Charles Turner  
 Ruth Turner  
 Bessie Walker  
 Everett Warren  
 Willie Waters  
 Helen Webber  
 \*Elon Wheeler  
 Ellen White

## NORMAL GRADUATES

Beatrice Blakslee  
 Helen Bryenton  
 Ruth Burkett

Mabel Chidsey  
 Mary Finley  
 Alsetta Fretz  
 Ethel Garver  
 Reinhold Harbert  
 Gladys Keyser  
 Hazelle Lance  
 Lucile Naftzger  
 Mildred Pettit  
 Irene Pfeiffer  
 Hattie Raw  
 Doris Searles  
 Hallie Shaw  
 Vera Spooner  
 Leatha Swigart  
 Alice Thatcher  
 Helen Tubbs  
 Pearl White

## CLASS OF '17

Wilbur Arick  
 Harold Baque  
 Edith Barry  
 Kathryn Bartholomay  
 Ruth Bartholomew  
 Leo Bartunek  
 Irene Bostwick  
 Wynne Boyden  
 Elizabeth Branch  
 Mabel Branch  
 Inez Brockway  
 Mildred Broadsword  
 Lester Campbell  
 Florence Carlton  
 Bryan Case  
 Walter Coleman  
 Dale Coons  
 Ruth Dutt  
 Franklin Elder  
 Homer Ensign  
 Mildred Ensign  
 Welthene Fenn  
 Alvin Gibbs  
 Floyd Gift  
 Ruth Gilbert  
 Ruth Gill  
 Metta Dell Green  
 Seymour Hoddinott  
 Mildred House  
 Marie Hurlebaus  
 Delpha Ritter  
 Leland Longacre  
 Derwin Nettleton  
 Letha Scanlon  
 Marguerite Simmons  
 Zoretta Simmons  
 Beatrice Smedley  
 Mabel Thompsett  
 Zola Turner  
 Harold Waite  
 Mahlon Walker  
 Oral Watt  
 Letha Wightman  
 Glenn Wooldridge

## NORMAL GRADUATES '17

Ethel A. Finley  
 Florence M. Hazen  
 M. Theresa Hosmer  
 Florence M. Johnson  
 Dorothy Rex  
 Florence Rex  
 Corda L. Wertz  
 Dorothy Rice  
 Mary M. White



## *An Appreciation*

*We the employees of the Artcraft Co. are glad to have had this opportunity of engraving and printing this Annual.*

*To the graduating class of 1917 and the students of Medina High School, our best wishes for your success in the broader field of endeavor in which you will soon be engaged.*

*If you come to our town and we can be of service to you in anyway, look us up.*

*Richard H. Morrow, Sales Mgr.  
for The Artcraft Company  
Cleveland*

# ENLIST THE BEES!

not in the fighting army, but in the greater army of food producers, the army on which the result of the war depends as much as on the soldiers. Your bees will help feed the world, and they will work for nothing and board themselves.

## There's Money in Honey

*Especially in War Times*

Uncle Sam is urging beekeepers to increase their production of honey to help out the sugar shortage. Honey may largely take the place of sugar in cooking. Send for our Airline Honey Book with 100 choice recipes.

### As Interesting as it is Profitable

Nothing can beat the combination of a warm June morning, roses in bloom and your bees busily at work with their contented hum. You will be tempted to neglect everything else to watch and study them.

### Accessories that Simplify Beekeeping

Manual of 214 pages HOW TO KEEP BEES, postpaid - - \$1.00  
Root Bee Smoker, postpaid - 1.00

A full line of appliances described in our 64-page catalogue, sent free. Dealers everywhere.

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St. Paul - - - 290 East 6th St.	Mechanic Falls, Maine
San Francisco - - - 245 Mission St.	Los Angeles - - - 948 East 2nd St.
Washington - - - 1100 Maryland Avenue, S. W.	

## THE A. I. ROOT COMPANY

EXECUTIVE OFFICES  
AND FACTORY

:: :: ::

MEDINA, OHIO

## Calendar

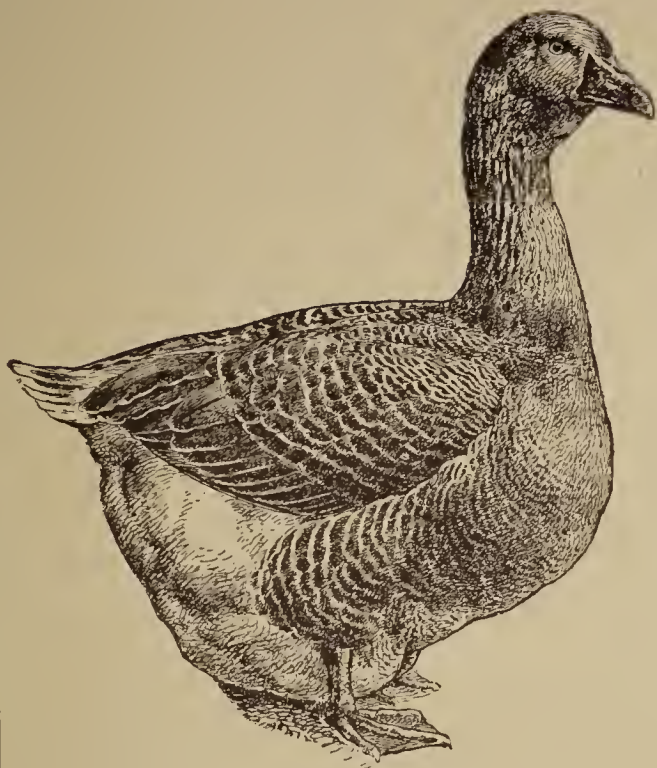
Sept:

23. Tag Day—strangers receive no change.
27. Carnival Booming.
28. Chapel for Carnival.
29. Manual Training Department has a busy day.
30. Big Day—Carnival.

Oct:

2. Chapel—Mr. Edmund reads a letter from Bing Sargeant.
3. Miss Florence Leach escorts Mr. A. C. Kennedy and his Botany class on a trip through her grandfather's woods.
9. Benefit show at Princess for Gym.
10. Gym Concert at Methodist Church.
11. Mr. Blake Hendrickson speaks in Chapel.
12. Everybody at Wooster Fair.





IF you had a goose that laid a *golden* egg every day, wouldn't you insure the *goose* as well as the *egg*? Of course you would. Your *time* and *brains* will produce the "golden eggs" thru the coming years. If the "*egg*" is worth protecting, certainly the *goose* that produced it should be the first to be considered.

This is best done with a policy with *The New York Life* by a regular deposit each year which returns to you, if living, at the end of 10, 15, 20 or more years and creates an estate of \$1000.00 or more from the time the policy is taken.

See **L. H. Randall**  
Special Representative  
Medina, Ohio

13. Chapel Football Rally.
16. Seniors trying to sell Lecture Course Tickets.
17. Lecture Course—Hawaiian Singers.
18. Chapel—Mr. H. Root speaks.
19. Elinor goes to sleep in class. Wonder why?
20. Football practice to beat Cuyahoga Falls.
21. Ouch . . . . . 59-0.
23. Hat Show.
24. Ruth Robinson finds a worm in a chestnut.
30. Street cleaned for Hallowe'en Carnival.
31. Hallowe'en Carnival—Buddy is held up.

Nov:

2. Helen Whipple sits in the waste basket.
3. Dist. Supt. Myers talks on the Philippines.
6. Everybody scrapping over election.

If you wish crisp tender vegetables in your garden, use  
**ARCADIAN SULPHATE of AMMONIA**

Your lawn also needs a top dressing every Spring

FOR SALE  
BY

The *Barrett* Company  
ABOVE THE POST OFFICE

Medina,  
Ohio

# The Old Phoenix National Bank

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## MEDINA, OHIO

Commercial and Savings Account  
4% Interest

*Your Account Solicited*

7. Election day at M. H. S.
8. Chapel—Joseph Seymour speaks.
9. Everybody flunks in Agriculture.
10. Football team improving—Ashland 14—M. H. S. 3.
13. First snowfall.
15. I. O. O. F. fire.
16. Chapel—Rev. McDonald speaks.
20. Lizzie gets her seat changed.
22. Dutch is busy at the Bazaar.
23. School inspector visits M. H. S.
24. School out at 2 o'clock. Oh Joy!
25. Bazaar.
27. Periods are made longer.
29. School out for Thanksgiving.

Dec:

4. U. S. Agriculture inspector talks to the Normal girls.

## A SQUARE DEAL

**I**F you contemplate building or repairing a house, barn, silo, garage or a structure of any kind consult us before buying. We can furnish anything in the building line that a home owner may require. Do not take that statement as granted, but come and see.

*Our Prices are Fair to all Concerned*

MEDINA BENDING WORKS

MEDINA, OHIO



# O. N. Leach & Son

Clothiers, Hatters  
and  
Haberdashers



Medina - - - Ohio

# O. C. Shepard Co.

*Manufacturers and Distributors of*  
Magnificent Flour



Medina - - - Ohio

8. Football Banquet.
12. Chapel—Mr. Chandler of Y. M. C. A. speaks.
14. Craig goes to sleep.
15. Chapel—Stereopticon views.
19. Chapel—Auction Sale.
20. Woggie laughs; everyone is deaf.
22. Chapel—Christmas tree. Everyone receives a gift.  
School out for Holidays.

Jan:

1. Happy New Year.
2. Rusty and Hyde have a great fight.
3. Jimmy quits Latin.
4. Stear loafs in Junior Room.
5. Hartman snores the eighth period.
8. Two Senior girls appear with dazzling diamond rings.



There is only one place in  
Medina to buy  
UP-TO-DATE  
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9. Jessie has a date.
11. D. R. vs. K. H. SOME SCRAP.
16. Exams start.
22. Chapel all morning.
23. Babies all lost.
24. Vaughn breaks window in Junior Room.
25. A new partition is erected in Junior Room.
27. Arthur Huffman gets a grand new hair cut.
30. Miss Long is a long time coming.

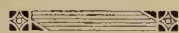
Feb:

1. Miss Long arrives at last.
2. Chapel—Gospel team from O. S. U.  
Miss Gill leaves for South Bend, Ind., to teach.
6. Irene gets a letter from Bowers.
7. Chapel—Boys only.
8. Paul has a toothache.
9. Mumps is all the rage.
12. School is frozen out.
13. Still frozen.
14. Normal girls have a party at Rice's.  
Select Senior boys attend.
15. Bud has a new Junior B. sweater J. W.
15. Buddy gets moved by Mr. Kennedy.
19. Normal room is very popular.



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- 20. Look for Leo there.
- 22. "Pug" Warren beats 8th period.
- 23. Buddy feeds Whipple lemonade.
- 27. Big fight in Fr. room.
- Craig vs. Jones, alias Bad Man.

Mar:

- 1. First Baseball meeting.
- 2. Molly has a date with K. Rowe.
- 5. Woggie is named "Chief of the Big Feet."
- 8. Miss Long falls on the floor while Prof. Willis is speaking.
- 9. Soph. A class party.
- 12. Frances writes a note to Carter.
- 13. Mr. Godlove sees Case smoking.
- 15. Mildred House gets to school on time.
- 16. She's late again.
- 19. Miss Phillips is glad Jimmy and Molly quit Latin.
- 20. Baseball meeting.
- 23. Chapel—School out for spring vacation.

April:

- 3. First Baseball practice.
- 10. Seniors get out of study periods.
- 12. Godlove is to be recognized as Coach, not J. R.
- 16. Blue Monday again.
- 19. Anniversary of Paul Revere's Ride celebrated.

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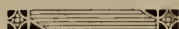
**OATMANS  
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20. Baseball game.  
M. H. S. 10—Akron 3.
23. Ag. class puts up flag pole.
24. It falls down.
25. Pauline gets a new House and More Land.  
Drill—Pictures taken by movie man.
28. Mr. Edmund gets hit by ball at game and is out of school.

May:

1. Gift starts germ farm—i. e. a new mustache.
2. Berea man visits Medina.
3. Result is that Misses Lacey, Beedle and Hyde have new Beaux.
4. Charlie squeals on bunch that beats 8th period.
7. Seniors start class play.  
Bryan Case enlists in Hospital Corps.

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8. Shorty succumbs to the arms of Morpheus while at the movies.
9. The High gives a reception at the K. of P. hall in honor of Mr. Stear and Bryan Case. Case is given military brushes by his class. H. S. gives Mr. Stear a watch and a correspondence case.
10. Great Mystery: Louis has a regular girl.
11. This is the last day of the week.
18. Baseball game at Wadsworth. "It rained."
21. Mr. Edmund comes back to school.
22. Ag. class's garden starts to grow.
23. Wells has the measles.
24. Buddy comes back for Baseball.
25. Senior A picnic at Whip's Ledge.

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ONE NIGHT  
TO HAVE A LOOK  
AT THE SKY!  
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QUALITY THAT'S  
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28. Max High went to Wadsworth yesterday. They say her name is Pauline.
30. Memorial Day.
31. Picture day. Senior B.'s have picnic at Liverpool. Pete Hanshue goes along.

June:

1. Juniors entertain Seniors at the Winyah Club.
3. Baccalaureate Sermon.
4. Franklin Elder enlists in the Navy.
5. Registration Day—no school.
6. Mr. Stear's enlistment in the Guards is announced.  
Class Play in the Big Tent.
7. Class Day.
8. High School Picnic.

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